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The Week

PRESIDENT COOLIDGE astonished the political wiseacres of Washington by making his Memorial Day address a vigorous plea for states' rights, or at least for his own particular interpretation of that doctrine. Quite as though he were a leader of the Democratic opposition instead of head of the Republican party, he viewed with alarm the increasing tendency toward federalization, the apparent unwillingness or inability of the states to do for themselves the things Washington thinks they ought to do, and the growing habit of taking money in the form of federal taxes from the richer commonwealths to spend it on the poor ones. He pleaded with the states to assert once more their pristine vigor and independence and thereby avert the necessity of federal action, by doing for themselves the things which would otherwise be done by Washington.

WE GIVE the President credit for sincerity, and we admire his enterprise in going into the camp of the enemy and stealing from under their noses their favorite argument. At the same time we are forced to recognize that in his speech he dodged the essential issue. It is easy to ask the states to do separately all the things the federal government thinks are proper. It is also perfectly obvious that they won't. The condition which the President is asking can be brought about only by a moral reformation or by a change in the character of our civilization. Neither of these is likely to occur. Except in a few states which for various reasons are more or less isolated, the average citizen thinks of himself increasingly as an American and less and less as an Iowan, Coloradan or Kansan. Through improved transportation and communication the whole country has been made no larger than were the largest single colonies in 1776. Through national magazines, nationally advertised merchandise, nationally syndicated newspaper contents, the people have been taught to think and act in stereotyped ways, quite irrespective of state boundaries. These tendencies are deep-rooted in our present civilization, and no amount of moral exhortation will change them. To a considerable degree, the growing willingness to put the burden on Washington is the result of a perfectly well justified belief that since problems are national in scope, it is most efficient and intelligent to handle them on a national basis.

THE real test of Mr. Coolidge's attitude, and of that of all advocates of states' rights is: What will you do if the individual states refuse to adopt the measures you regard as right and proper? Will you then coerce them through national action? Or will you leave them to do as they please, however abhorrent their conduct may be to a majority of their fellow-citizens in other parts of the country? Just now, it is popular to say that they should be left to go their own gait. That is because the prohibition amendment is heartily detested in some states which would never have endorsed it if they had been permitted to vote on it in a popular referendum. This resentment over prohibition was an important factor in creating the frame of mind which in so many states has caused the rejection of the child labor amendment. But this resentment is not necessarily a permanent part of our national psychology; and when it subsides, the major question of policy will still remain to be settled. Are we a federation of nations each of which must be permitted to adopt any degree of civilization it pleases? Or are we in

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fact one nation in which the majority of all the people have the right to dictate minimum standards of conduct which must be maintained everywhere, whether the citizens of any particular locality like it or not? President Coolidge tacitly assumes that the latter answer is the correct one. He asks the states to be good on their own account, and thus avoid the necessity of hearing the crack of the federal whip. But he has no answer for the man who says that the federal whip should never be cracked, under any circumstances.

THE government has won a sweeping victory over the Doheny interests. Judge McCormick in his decision rules that there was "fraud and conspiracy" in the transaction between Doheny and Secretary Fall. The transfer of the naval oil reserves from the Navy to the Department of the Interior by President Harding is held to have been illegal. The secrecy in which the transaction was shrouded was not due, as has been alleged, to military necessity, but to the desire to keep Congress from knowing what was going on. The court rules that the Elk Hills lease No. 1 shall be cancelled. The contracts for oil storage at Pearl Harbor, Hawaii, shall be cancelled. The attorneys for the defense have of course announced with a flourish that an appeal will be taken from this decision, and carried if necessary to the Supreme Court. While a reversal is always possible on technical legal grounds, no future action of any court can wipe out Judge McCormick's carefully considered opinion, based on study of all the evidence, that the $100,000 "loan" from Doheny to Fall was against good morals, against public policy, and involved "colossal infamy, regardless of whether it was a bribe, a gift or loan." His opinion will increase the interest in the new trial soon to take place in the District of Columbia. The new indictment charges Fall, Sinclair and the elder Doheny with conspiracy to defraud; and in the course of the proceedings it is expected that the story of the Continental Trading Company, Ltd., of Canada, will be told in detail for the first time.

JUDGE McCORMICK'S decision is particularly valuable because it refutes the position taken by an important section of the American daily press. We have on previous occasions remarked that the most deplorable aspect of the scandals connected with the Harding régime has been the attitude toward them of many influential newspapers, most of them supporters of the Republican party. We have had corruption in high office in the past, and probably shall have again; but never before, we believe, have numbers of influential editors deliberately chosen for the sake of party advantage to support dishonesty, and to attack by every means, fair or foul, those who were seeking to expose it. We believe that the conduct of these editors constitutes a stain on the honor of the men and journals in question which can never be removed. Judge McCormick's decision at least makes difficult the continued maintenance of this attitude as to the oil scandal, though it cannot efface the harm which has already been done.

ONCE again the League of Nations is demonstrating at least a certain sort of efficacy. It has long been the habit of the Allied statesmen, when facing an absolute deadlock, to refer the vexed question to the League. On most of the major issues this means merely a postponement, since the same Allied statesmen meet again around the conference table at Geneva and proceed to maintain the attitudes of their respective governments. This time it is the terms of the proposed five-power treaty of mutual security which have produced the familiar result. France has insisted that Germany shall abandon all hope of revising her eastern frontiers, either through existing League machinery or otherwise. The proposed demilitarized zone along the Rhine, moreover, is to be a one-way zone. German troops must never enter it, under any circumstances; but France reserves the right to march troops eastward whenever she is called upon to do so by her treaty obligations to Czechoslovakia and Poland. Even to France it is clear that no German government can sign a treaty on these lines and survive; and therefore the League is invoked once more. It shall be the League's duty to say when France's treaty obligations require her to cross German territory. As we go to press, inspired dispatches from Paris say that the British government is strongly disposed to accept this idiotic proposal. We hope they are wrong. No such invocation of the League can conceal the essential injustice of the French attitude, an attitude which refuses to let Germany join the League unless she binds herself to regard her present frontiers as unalterable, and at the same time demands the privilege of invading German territory from the west whenever it seems desirable. Such a proposal must certainly be offered, with foreknowledge that it is impossible of acceptance, for the purpose of putting the onus of rejection on Germany, and thereby securing the color of justification for the continued occupation of Cologne. We hope the British cabinet will refuse to be caught in so obvious a trap.

NEITHER at home nor abroad are things going particularly well for France. It is at last becoming clear, even to the most reluctant officials, that something will have to be done about the American debt, though even to inaugurate conversations as to possible terms of funding seems to the true French patriot a deplorable concession, inasmuch as he is firmly convinced that on moral grounds the debt ought to be forgiven, or at least greatly reduced and made contingent on reparations payments from Germany. Meanwhile, talk is beginning to be heard about stabilization of the franc at one-quarter of

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its pre-war value, or about five cents. Naturally, the holders of government bonds, who have been hugging to their breasts all these years the delusion of repayment in gold, greet the suggestion with pronounced disfavor, though any candid economist would tell them that with government finance in its present condition they should think themselves lucky to get stabilization at five cents rather than a smaller figure. The war in Morocco continues to go about as badly as possible, from the French point of view. France has at least 125,000 men in the field, and the cost of such an operation is one which the treasury can ill afford. The overwhelming vote of confidence the government received in the Chamber a few days ago means, in our opinion, next to nothing. Politicians can always be herded into line temporarily during a war, on the plea that it is essential to show the enemy an undivided front at home as well as in the field. But it is a different story when the bills begin to come in.

THE Riffians and Abd-el-Krim may be brutal barbarians, fit subjects for imperialistic subjugation, but we must nevertheless regard the crushing of their spirit of independence under the French military machine with a certain regret. They are an ancient and peculiar people. Their stock held those highlands before Queen Dido founded Carthage. It never permitted itself to be pounded or bribed into submission by the Carthaginians, the Romans, the Vandals, the Arabs or any other conquering people. The Berbers of the Riff have successfully fought off troops armed with stone hatchets, bronze spears, the short Roman sword, the Teutonic mace, the scimitar and blunderbuss. Now they are trying to fight off machine guns, high explosives, airplanes and poison gas. They have laughed at numbers, because great armies die of thirst and hunger among the barren rocks from which the Riffians draw sustenance and cool water. The French armies have motors to provision them and airplanes in emergencies. The day of the independent Berbers of the Riff appears to be done—unless their extermination proves too colossally expensive.

WHEN Senator Wheeler was tried in Montana, the government's case against him turned out to be no case at all. Indeed, it was difficult to see how the prosecution had had the effrontery to come into court with such a trumped-up series of allegations. Because this was true, people are likely to assume that the forthcoming trial in the District of Columbia will be of no importance if indeed it is ever held. Such an assumption is entirely unwarranted. His enemies, humiliated by their first failure, are sure to make desperate efforts to get a conviction this time. The Montana defense put a heavy financial burden on Senator Wheeler; the new trial, 2,500 miles from his home and the home of his witnesses, will involve a much greater outlay. No honest student of public affairs can any longer doubt that the Senator is being subjected to a political persecution for the part he played in exposing the corruption of the Harding régime. It therefore behooves every friend of justice who is able to do so to come to his aid. Otherwise, we shall have a sorry precedent for those who, in the future, are called upon to expose corruption in high places and may with every reason hesitate before putting their own heads into such a noose.

TWO headlines side by side on the front pages of the New York newspapers a few days ago told a significant story. One reported a panic in the subway; and the other announced plans for a huge new skyscraper to be erected on that same subway line, only a short distance from the spot where the panic occurred. As everyone knows, one important reason subway passengers so often lose their heads when anything goes wrong is because subways are so terribly overcrowded. Yet when a group of wealthy men determine to make the congestion a great deal worse by adding 60,000 daily riders to the most badly congested line, they receive the encomiums of the community as progressive, loyal and beneficent citizens.

ONE important witness has been overlooked by the Interstate Commerce Commission in the Van Sweringen merger hearings. Horatio Alger is obviously the only one who can state correctly the story of "O.P. and M.J., or From Newsboys to Railroad Magnates." It is conceivable to the ordinary man how $500,000 might be made by Cleveland realtors even on a small capital, but how realtors can be turned into railwayors and $500,000 in cash changed into railroad property worth $30,000,000 within a few years, is inexplicable outside the pages of a romance for boys. As Mr. Van Sweringen explains it, the process sounds too simple. With about a half a million in cash, they persuaded the New York Central to sell them the Nickel Plate for $8,500,000. A down payment of $2,000,000 was required, which they raised among their acquaintances. The rest was on credit, the Central holding the stock as security, but passing over the voting rights to the purchasers. This was equivalent to the Central's saying, "Of course, you are only real estate men, but I'll let you manage one of my railroads for a few years in the hope that you can do better at railroading than I, and can make more than four times as much money out of it as you can now scrape together." And so on, through the Pere Marquette, the Clover Leaf, the Erie, the Chesapeake and Ohio. It seems as if almost anyone could buy a string of railroads. Why don't a few other bright boys step up and take a chance?

THE Episcopal Synod of the Province of the Pacific, in session recently at Oakland, California,

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unanimously adopted a resolution looking toward the complete secularization of marriage. To the casual eye this does not appear to be a very important change. We have moved a long distance from sacramental marriage. Whereas every question affecting the authenticity of marriage and the legitimacy of the offspring was once ecclesiastical, now all issues arising out of marriage are subject to adjudication in the civil courts. Furthermore, the civil law, and that only, determines who may and may not marry. In consequence of all this the preacher who undertakes to perform a marriage ceremony assumes civil functions and a civil responsibility.

SO LONG as communities remained small and their population stable, the divided allegiance of the clergyman caused little confusion. As a legal functionary the minister was required to exercise certain cautions against marrying, for instance, persons below the legal age. This was easy in the settled community where the minister knew, as pastor of the flock, everyone who was likely to come before him. But modern civilization, which has divided the civil from the ecclesiastical, has also unsettled the population. Clerymen have become in consequence the victims of all the eager young couples who have run away by automobile to a Gretna Green—several hundred miles, perhaps, from their homes. Upon them he is asked to bestow not only the blessing, which they need, but the civil authority which the state requires. This anomaly was bound to become irksome to the clergy, and their disposition to relieve themselves of responsibility for the legal tie of marriage is a natural result. The importance of their act will appear later on. The attitude of the churches toward such things as divorce and contraception is a corollary of the dogma of the sacrament of marriage. Since marriages are made in heaven, let no man put them asunder. If the churches abandon the theory of the sacredness of marriage, acknowledging it as a civil contract, their stand upon divorce and upon the sexual life generally must ultimately be very greatly modified. We are told that the World Federation of Churches is to consider the secularization of marriage. It will be interesting to observe whether these other problems come in for discussion by implication.

IN THE general discussion of the unique conditions attached by Dr. Fosdick to his acceptance of a call from the Park Avenue Baptist Church, New York City, little has been said of what he requires for himself. He has stipulated that he be asked to accept not more than five thousand dollars a year. Two circumstances lend interest to this proposal. One is the wealth of the Park Avenue Baptist Church—Mr. Rockefeller's church. The other is Dr. Fosdick's earning power. There can be no question either that the church could pay five times this amount if it wished (and were allowed), or that Dr. Fosdick could obtain such a sum if he would accept all the opportunities that come his way. Under these circumstances Dr. Fosdick's limit announces to the world more forcefully than even his own sermons could do what he considers the standard of decency in professional salaries. Since he expects to continue teaching at Union Theological Seminary, from which he no doubt receives a part-time salary, this may be taken perhaps as a half-time allowance, making a standard of ten thousand a year for the full-time salary. That is practically the upper limit of university salaries. In holding by it Dr. Fosdick has held by his own kind.

CHINESE children are now ineligible to attend the white public schools of Mississippi. According to a decision handed down recently by the supreme court of that state, children of Chinese descent, though born in this country and eligible to citizenship, are nevertheless members of a "colored race" and therefore not admissible to schools maintained for the children of the lily white. There is nothing new, of course, in the segregation of immigrants from Mongolian countries. On the Pacific coast such discrimination is the established rule. But the segregation of Orientals in California and of Negroes in the south are two distinct color lines. The importance of this ruling lies in the fact that it classes Orientals as colored where colored means descended from slaves. The Oriental powers have already found our discriminations against their nationals annoying to the verge of complete exasperation where no question has been raised but that of the relative position of white and yellow races. To expect them to accept classification with the American Negro is simply out of the question. We are not considering whether Chinese or Japanese are better than Negroes—or inferior to whites—but only the feelings of the white and yellow peoples in the matter. The Oriental will justly resent seeing his countrymen treated by white America as white America has been accustomed to treat the Negro. No Japanese are involved in this Mississippi case. But the ruling inescapably applies to Japanese, and when that application is made we must expect trouble.

The Cure for Fundamentalism

A LARGE part of the current discussion of the anti-evolution law of the State of Tennessee and of the trial under it of an offending school teacher is invalidated by some doubtful assumptions. The new law and the prosecution which it has provoked are traceable, so the critics say, to a sudden outbreak of intolerance. The anti-evolutionists seek to identify the American state with the truth of certain specific religious doctrines, and to reverse the fundamental principle of American liberty which is the separation between

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church and state. This statement of the controversy certainly accounts for some of the facts; but it ignores the most important educational and cultural conditions of which this absurd and humiliating incident is the expression. If it is accepted as the true account of the significance of the anti-evolution law, and if, consequently, the opponents of the law base their argument on such "fundamental principles" as toleration or the separation between church and state, they will merely oppose a political to a religious orthodoxy and perpetuate the educational conditions and the religious state of mind in which the ridiculous attempt to control science by legislation originated. It is only by the adoption of a more positive and realistic counter-attack that the kind of religious bigotry of which Mr. William J. Bryan is the most prominent spokesman will be dried up at its source.

The Tennessee law and Mr. Bryan's anti-evolution propaganda among the legislatures of the Southern states are not the result of an increase of scientific ignorance and religious bigotry in that part of the country. Neither do they imply a serious assault on the freedom of scientific teaching or the "fundamental principle" of the separation between church and state. On the contrary it is the quiet, gradual, but irresistible spread of an evolutionary account of the origin of the human life which has forced the teachers who reject biological evolution for alleged religious reasons to come into the open and to expose their ignorance and obscurantism. If they could have kept as quiet as they have done for so many years and continued to teach anti-evolutionism in the comparative obscurity of their classrooms in the theological seminaries, they could have perpetuated indefinitely the kind of Christian education which disqualifies the majority of Christian clergymen from participating intelligently in modern life, but they are finding it increasingly difficult to ignore those parts of anthropology and biology which conflict with their teaching; and, under Mr. Bryan's incautious leadership, they have delivered themselves into the hands of their enemies by publicly challenging the achievements and methods of scientific research. The friends of modern science and those who believe in the value for human living of a popular recognition of its results, method and critical spirit, should thank Mr. Bryan and the legislature of Tennessee for issuing the challenge. By his behavior Mr. Bryan has not done any harm to science or the teaching of science. He has himself begun the work of making the position of the anti-evolutionists impossible, and he has exposed to ridicule and contempt his own attitude and that of the people who agree with him.

But merely to plead for tolerance and liberty of teaching is not the way to take advantage of Mr. Bryan's exposure of himself and his particular brand of Christianity. The people who ignore, on what they take to be superior authority, the achieved results of scientific research about the history of this planet and of man's life upon it should themselves be denied the right to teach in public educational institutions. Science is necessarily intolerant of deliberate and dogmatic ignorance—ignorance which does not recognize the kind of evidence which makes for or against the truth of a scientific hypothesis. No educational institution, not even a theological seminary, would tolerate an instructor who wished to teach on evidence derived from the Bible that the earth was flat, and that the sun moved in relation to it as the human eye seems to indicate. Science cannot as yet make as many exact and verifiable statements about the history of man as it can about the relative behavior of the earth and the sun, but that is not the point. The evidence tends overwhelmingly to verify certain general conceptions about the origin of man. Our existing medical practice assumes a physiology and even a psychology which is meaningless without the background of these general conceptions. There is, of course, no reason why people in general should be ordered to believe all that science has reason to allege about the origin of man, but assuredly the man or woman who will not accept the results which scientific research has achieved about a realm of human experience to which scientific method is applicable should not be recognized as a public teacher. It is not the intolerance of the anti-evolutionists which is the deplorable aspect of the existing controversy; it is the reluctance of the evolutionists—particularly of those evolutionists who are occupied with any branch of Christian education—to declare publicly, consistently and uncompromisingly that anti-evolutionist theology is an intolerable perversion of Christianity.

At the root of the present explosion of "fundamentalism" are the intellectual standards of hundreds of seminaries which, with the approval of the leaders of the denominational churches, are educating Christian ministers who do not understand and owe no allegiance to scientific method and achievement. These seminaries teach as true certain statements about the origin of man and his history for which there is no scientific evidence; and they train their graduates to believe in statements of this kind and to associate with such belief their title to set up as official purveyors of Christian truth. These graduates are then turned loose on American society as the spiritual leaders of their generation, but they fail to exhibit the necessary leadership, and they hamper the efforts of Christian laymen to supply the ferment which is lacking in their own spirits. The salient features of modern life are the direct and indirect results of scientific naturalism. The people who do not understand it and owe no allegiance to its methods and standards are as unfitted for religious as they are for secular leadership. They are trained to jump at what they consider to be desirable conclusions and to accept

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on authority or by preference affirmations whose real validity depends on a carefully prepared balancing of evidence. They have never been accustomed to scrutinize and criticize the processes whereby they reach their alleged authoritative truths.

These theological seminaries and their yearly crop of fundamentalists are not retarding the advance of scientific research. Neither are they seriously compromising the freedom of teaching in secular schools. What they are doing is to disqualify the Christian ministry and churches in this country from carrying on their essential social task, which is that of educating adults in the art of spiritual regeneration. It is not sufficient to compel the fundamentalists to tolerate evolution and to prevent them from excluding the teaching of the evolutionary hypothesis from secular schools. On their own principles it is blasphemous to believe in evolution, and, consequently, demoralizing to teach it in the public schools. If they did not protest against such blasphemy they would be faithless to the responsibility for the spiritual welfare of their flocks which their Christian ministry imposes upon them. They cannot be both tolerant fundamentalists and honest men without abandoning much of their existing theology and transforming their tests of what is and is not a religious truth.

In so far as these contentions are true, modernist Christians have a much more positive and aggressive task cut out for them than the task which they are now undertaking. It is not their business to vindicate the evolutionary hypothesis. Only biological research can accomplish that result. Neither is it sound tactics on their part to continue on the defensive and to ask humbly and contritely for the kind permission of the fundamentalists to remain members in good standing of their denominations. The question really is whether there exist any fundamental principles of Christianity which faithful Christians ought to believe. If so, what are they? If not, what is the meaning of the denominational Christianity of today, and what spiritual substance is capable of binding Christians into an effective organization? Until these questions are officially asked and officially answered the modernists will always remain at a disadvantage in their controversy with the fundamentalists. The chief sufferer from the aggressive fundamentalist tactics will not be science or freedom of teaching or the separation of church and state, but popular Christianity itself. The fundamentalists are doing their best to destroy the imaginative appeal and the practical value which the Christian Gospel might have for thoroughly educated people of today. The modernists do not participate in this work of destruction, but they do not and cannot carry on an aggressive war against it. For they base their own case on toleration, and they fear to proclaim a positive interpretation of Christianity which might condemn as intolerable the supposed fundamentalism of absolute dogmas.

A New Education for Labor

A TEACHER recently prophesied that the next heresy hunt will be directed against the rapidly growing number of people who believe in "experimental" education. Some canny sleuth will discover that there is a direct connection between schools which set out deliberately to train children to think, and to develop creatively, and the radical movement. Not all progressive schools of course will be banned. There are some mildly progressive institutions, often supported by large foundations, which are trying to prepare children to take their places more adequately in society as at present constituted, or believe that teaching techniques should be improved. They will be considered safe enough. The dangerous centres are those directed by people who have a vision of a new social order, and who believe that the way to prepare for it is to bring up a generation of free thinking, self directing young people whose spontaneity, originality and native curiosity have not been stifled nor confined within narrow grooves of conformity.

Some sleuth will be certain to reach these conclusions, because organized labor has done so recently and suddenly. We say recently, although so radical an experiment as the Modern School in Stelton, N. J., has been run for years with the help of individual workers and certain unions. But the school at Stelton has been an isolated entity—a Tolstoyan voice crying in the wilderness of conflicting economic doctrines. Visitors to the school have been astonished that children without formal or with no instruction should achieve such frequently fine results in painting, in mural decoration, in rug weaving, in clay and pottery, no less than in ordinary academic subjects, and the humbler crafts of printing, shoe-making and forge work. But that children thus permitted to develop naturally and creatively should later have anything to contribute to a social re-ordering of the world, organized labor has not until now widely appreciated.

Within the past year, however, leading unions have three times demonstrated their recognition of the organic relation existing between this new educational philosophy and the evolution of a better social order. The Teachers' Union of New York City, following an intensive study of the leading experimental schools in and near the metropolis, submitted to the local educational authorities a well worked out proposal for establishing a similar experimental centre within the public school system itself. The proposal being promptly rejected by the board of education on certain technical grounds, the Union is now sounding out the possibility of making necessary changes in the state education law.

Within the year also, two important conferences were held by leading educators and representatives of organized labor. One conference launched an experimental residential school primarily for work-

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ers' children under the direction of Mr. and Mrs. William M. Fincke, who donated to the enterprise their 177 acre farm, with its numerous buildings, equipment and fifty head of dairy cattle, at Manumit, Pawling, N. Y. An association of people from the labor and educational world was formed to direct the affairs of the school, with A. J. Muste of Brookwood as chairman of the executive board.

The actual running of the institution is in the hands of faculty and students who share alike in the work essential to the upkeep of school and farm, as well as in the government of the school community itself. The children range in age from nine to fourteen, but older groups will be added each year until college grade or its equivalent is reached. Academic work, pursued this year under a modified Dalton plan, is confined to four morning hours, six days a week, releasing the students for other activities, no less educational, of their community life. These include not only the necessary chores, both indoors and out—cooking, dishwashing, and housecleaning, milking and feeding the stock, chopping and hauling the wood, etc., but plenty of recreational and social activities as well. Wholesome social living Manumit considers its most valuable educational factor.

"The heart and marrow of a school like ours," writes a member of the faculty, "is the community life. Community life itself is our definition of that freedom and responsibility in which every educational democrat believes. The community life of our school is the socialized incarnation of our belief in industrial democracy. It is our act of faith in the labor movement and in that good life, that rich and noble life for all, which the labor movement is going to bring in."

The other conference of labor representatives and educators launched the junior Youth Movement in America, a movement closely corresponding to the organizations among children which have proved so successful on the continent. Pioneer Youth which operates under the auspices of the National Association of Child Development, purposes to use constructively the leisure time of boys and girls from seven to eighteen. Through clubs and summer camps, conducted in the spirit of modern education, it is hoped "to encourage activities which will stimulate the critical and creative faculties of children, will liberate their minds from dogma and fear and will help each one to become a force for the reconstruction of society. . . . We believe that the salvation of society will require the elimination of the destructive military spirit, of race and national hatreds and of the exploitation of one man by another."

There is however no dogmatic teaching of these ideas on the part of the leaders of Pioneer Youth. It is no part of their aim to impose "isms" upon children, nor to attempt to turn out ready-made little socialists or radicals. Propaganda, they realize, has no place in an enlightened scheme of education: what is needed are opportunities for children to become free creative personalities.

Accordingly in the camp run last summer for 148 boys and girls on the Fincke farm at Pawling, and in the nineteen clubs organized last winter in and near New York City, efforts were made to have the children engage in the ordinary, normal healthful activities that children love to engage in anywhere. Sports, hikes, farm work, swimming, nature study, dramatics, pottery, camp fire amusements, the publication of a camp journal, written, printed and illustrated with cuts by the children themeselves—these filled the summer days. The management of the camp was put in the hands of the children, who elected their own chairman—a capable lad of twelve—decided on their daily program, and made and enforced rules of camp behavior. On occasion, social and economic problems were discussed.

"One of the finest things I ever learned," wrote the youthful editor of the camp paper, "came about from a discussion around the camp fire. The subject was about the reason for race prejudice. Up to that time I had never been prejudiced towards Negroes, Russians, Italians and Swedes, etc., but I had always maintained a severe attitude towards the Japs. At the beginning of the discussion I fervidly championed the recent Japanese Exclusion Act. A few sensible remarks against exclusion brought me back to my senses. . . . I found then that my real reason in favor of exclusion was that I did not know the Chinese and Japanese as well as the other races. . . . The whole discussion started because of race prejudice toward colored people, which was proven to be wrong. In conclusion let it be said that many of the troubles of the world have been due to hatreds between mankind."

During the winter, several of the clubs undertook special investigations of social conditions. One is investigating fire traps in Harlem. Another is raising money and clothes for the West Virginia miners and is planning to visit textile, steel and mining centres. Other clubs are pursuing the ordinary activities of any young people's organization, except that the management of the clubs is democratic, military discipline and military ideals do not prevail, and efforts are made by the club leaders tc develop each child's special capacities so far as possible.

By January, it had become apparent to alert labor unions that Pioneer Youth might become immensely important to the labor movement. On one of the coldest nights of the year, delegates from 103 unions attended a conference of Pioneer Youth to give it their support. Credentials were read and accepted from nine international unions, sixteen central bodies and seventy-eight local unions. These included the American Federation of Teachers, the International Association of Machinists, the International Brotherhood of Firemen and Oilers, the International Fur Workers, the International

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Brotherhood of Pulp, Sulphite and Paper Mill Workers, the International Ladies' Garment Workers, the International Pocket Book Workers, the Subway and Tunnel Constructors International Union, and the United Cloth Hat, Cap and Millinery Workers Union.

Union funds have kept the movement going: $500 from the International Ladies' Garment Workers, $400 from the International Fur Workers, and $300 from the New York District Council, No. 9 of the International Brotherhood of Painters, Paperhangers and Decorators. The conference passed a resolution calling on unions to raise a fund of $5,000. It was also reported that two camps will be run this summer, and the work extended to Pennsylvania and New Jersey.

Yet actually the number of children involved so far in Pioneer Youth is small—not more than two or three hundred. Why then does every kind of organization of laboring men hasten to endorse it? Is it merely due to the extraordinary energy and zeal of Mr. Joshua Lieberman, secretary of the National Association of Child Development, that all sorts of workers—plasterers, hod carriers, carpenters, painters, electrical workers, iron workers, printers, railway carriers, clerks, express handlers, firemen and oilers, machinists and garment workers, furriers, leather workers, cap makers, hatters, millinery workers, neckwear workers, subway constructors, bakery and confectionery workers, cigar makers, butchers, laundrymen, stage employes, paper workers, bookkeepers, pattern makers and teachers—come forward collectively with unqualified support? With all due credit to the efficient services of Mr. Lieberman, we believe that such widespread endorsement of an educational project would scarcely be given by organized labor, were labor not becoming increasingly aware of the necessity of fundamental educational reform.

A century ago American labor helped to establish for the first time in any country the great experiment of free and universal education. Successful as the experiment has been in many respects, signs are not wanting that the shortcomings of the present educational system are many and serious, that indeed unless a more vital, and dynamic type of education replaces the one now prevailing, the public school will prove a stumbling block to social and industrial progress. That labor is once more taking an aggressive attitude towards elementary education is one of the most hopeful signs of the times.

The Tariff and the Debts

THE average American is no doubt in full sympathy with the efforts of the administration to compel our European debtors to face squarely the fact of their debts and to make plans for liquidation. There is virtue in facing facts squarely. But if it is time for the European nations to face the fact of debt, it is time for us to face the fact of payment. Assume that France, Belgium, Italy and the rest wish to begin payment. How do we expect them to pay; and are we ready to facilitate payment? Every private creditor does what he can to simplify the process of payment. We ought to do the same as public creditors if we wish to be paid.

It may be assumed that the average American has since the War been educated out of the primitive notion that international payments are simple cash transactions. Our debtors haven't the cash, and if they had, we should have no use for it, since we are already superfluously provided with gold for reserve and currency uses. We can be paid only in goods or in promises of goods—securities, government or corporate, shares in businesses operating abroad, concessions, etc. No one, we suppose, will quarrel with our describing foreign investments as promises of goods. Either they will ultimately yield returns transmissible in goods to the United States or they will yield nothing. Owen D. Young is frequently quoted as declaring that practical financiers know of means of international payment not recognized by the economists. What he must have had in mind is reinvestment abroad of sums owing to us. But such reinvestment only postpones the time of transmission of payment through goods actually transported over our boundaries.

If we wish to be paid interest and amortization on the debts owing to us by foreign governments, as well as returns on our foreign commercial investments of nine billions of dollars, we must prepare ourselves for a large increase in imports, not balanced by an equivalent increase in exports. We need not take the imports directly from the debtor nations, to be sure. We may depend as much as we like upon the three-cornered or five- or seven-cornered trade. We can't take France's most interesting export—wines and brandies. We need not, if France can send these products to Brazil, to finance shipments of sober coffee to our own ports. We need not take British iron and steel wares, textiles, freight services, if the British can place these goods elsewhere and directly or indirectly finance shipments to us of sugar, rubber, crude petroleum, etc. But the principle stands fast. We can be paid only through an increase of exports from our debtors, exports which must be taken, if not by us, by other peoples who can pay for them. We can receive payment only through an increase of imports, if not from our debtors, from other states with which they have trading relations. Any pressure upon our late associates to pay their debts amounts to a pressure upon the whole foreign world to increase its business in exports and upon us to increase our own business in imports.

The initial impulse to such a movement in foreign trade must be an increase in industrial exports from our European debtors. Except for coal, which England, Germany and Belgium might export in

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slightly larger quantities, potash, tin, wines and oil, England, France, Belgium, Germany, Italy and Czechoslovakia can acquire means of international payment through industrial exports or not at all. Some may think that the British colonies could send us more raw materials, but the British colonies are not our debtors. England, in order to pay us with colonial materials, has to buy those materials with industrial exports.

Where are these exports to go? To South America, Africa, Asia, Russia and the Balkans; also to the United States and Canada. And the volume pressing for admission to these markets will be large. To increase industrial exports our debtors will have to increase their import of raw material and food, to be paid for also in industrial exports.

If our debtors take seriously to paying their debts, the pressure of competition will increase in all the non-industrial markets, where, by the way, our own industrial exports are trying to establish themselves. We may dismiss this from detailed consideration as a minor national interest. The pressure to send industrial products over our own tariff wall will also increase. The dyed-in-the-wool protectionist will take alarm and cry out for higher duties. Our tariff policy, we shall be forced to recognize, is directly connected with our policy of debt collection.

Nor is it merely a question of whether we shall raise our duties or not. If we wish the debt paid, we ought to consider seriously whether we can let the tariff stand at its present high level. Debt payment is possible only on the basis of increased industrial exports from Europe. Such an increase must wait upon demand. England could greatly increase her exports, with no increase in personnel or equipment, if she could find markets. The same is true of Belgium and Germany. As intelligent creditors we ought to help willing debtors to find markets. But the only market under our control is our own.

With a purchasing power of fifty billions a year the American market could absorb, with hardly a tremor, the additional billion dollars of European industrial products that would be necessary to start the European machine going vigorously. The increase in European purchasing power would be followed by heavy drafts upon the food and raw materials of the non-industrial nations and would give them the wherewithal to buy European manufactures, thus extending the industrial markets of the world in ever-expanding circles. With such a process in motion Europe might soon be in a position to pay.

We do not wish to imply that the American tariff is the only barrier to international commercial revival. The whole world is cut up injuriously by customs lines. But our duties are within our control, and besides, ours is incomparably the best market. By reducing our duties we might set a new fashion in commercial policy. We could certainly set a new fashion if we were ready to grant substantial reductions on a reciprocity basis.

Such a policy, it will be objected, would be ruinous to American industry. Foreign competition would cut prices and produce a commercial crisis which would cost us more than the principal of our foreign claims is worth. This implies, of course, that we have rigged up so crazy an economic structure that if our debtors were to appear at our ports with all the articles of use and luxury needed to discharge their debt, we should be compelled to send out our navy to repel them. Our apostles of high protection would certainly agree that this is our condition. If they are right, for heaven's sake let us stop dunning our debtors.

But we do not believe that the high protectionists are right. A reduction in duties would no doubt lower some prices, to the disadvantage of our domestic producers but to the corresponding advantage of the consumers. The increased movement of trade would benefit other American producers, notably those exporting food products and raw materials. Trade relations today are too complicated to admit of tracing out in detail the effect of each change. But there can be no doubt that every increase in the general movement of trade is conducive to all-around enrichment.

Our European debtors will never pay until they acquire the capacity to pay. They will gain that capacity only through a great increase in the movement of trade. We can effect such an increase through cutting down our duties. Is there a single sign on the horizon that America is prepared for any such action? If there is, we have failed to observe it.

Sociologists have often remarked upon the similarity between collective action and the action of individuals of backward mentality. An individual creditor who should scream "Pay! pay!" to his debtors and then set about barring the door against delivery of the sums due would of course be set down as a preposterous moron. Not to press the analogy too far, we may yet doubt the adequacy of a statecraft that does not see that the debts and foreign trade are two problems that cannot be handled separately, that a policy of actual debt collection implies a vigorous overhauling of tariff schedules.

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The Heart of Europe's Problem

ONCE more attempts are being made to find a formula which will assure—so far as formulas assure anything—the peace of Western Europe. France, Germany and England, together with Poland, are particularly interested, though a number of other countries are also involved and are vigilantly watching the progress of negotiations. If the European observer were compelled to sum up his impressions in a single sentence he would say that the prospect of a Franco-German rapprochement was never greater. But this would be merely the simple concise expression of a complicated condition of affairs. Many qualifications are called for, many reservations are to make.

In France one has seen the return to power of M. Caillaux, and although finances and not foreign relations are his province, and although it is probable that the cabinet in which he takes his place will not enjoy a long life, M. Caillaux has indeed become a symbol—a symbol of Franco-German friendship. M. Poincaré, in a notable interview before he became Prime Minister, and therefore before he had the opportunity of beginning the Ruhr experiment, frankly admitted to the writer that his ultimate purpose, when the best possible cards were in his hand, was to arrive at a genuine understanding with Germany. The writer then pointed out the fairly obvious objections to a course which might develop implacable hatreds instead of leading to diplomatic arrangements; but the equally obvious answer that episodes in the history of peoples are quickly forgotten when the end is achieved, was readily forthcoming.

It may indeed turn out to be true that the whole business of the Ruhr occupation, seen in its proper perspective a few years—even a few months—hence, will seem to be of small importance, and will not in itself prevent a reconciliation, any more than the infinitely greater fact of the War can prevent a satisfactory settlement, based not only on interest but on sentiment, between England and Germany and between the United States and Germany. A very eminent Nationalist publicist in France in the thick of the strife wrote an article which hinted at the same objective, and although he afterwards indignantly protested to the writer that he had been misunderstood if he was regarded as favorable to what is called the Continental Bloc, his protest was rather dictated by the fear that such a bloc would be considered as directed against England.

It is well known that the industrialists on both sides of the Rhine are busy in the preparation of economic conventions of a private character—if one can describe accords which may have the most far-reaching public importance as private. The potash owners, the textile fabricants, the dye-stuff manufacturers, and a number of other magnates, realize the necessity, or at least the desirability, of coöperation, and in some cases they have already signed contracts with each other. Immediately after the Peace Conference the Comité des Forges and the Westphalian coal and iron trusts began their conversations. It would be superfluous to repeat the arguments which compel them to strike a bargain. It would be superfluous to dwell upon the peripetiæ of their struggle, which purely concerns the terms of the partnership. Suffice it to say that when the dust of the political turmoil has blown away, they will be found to be fundamentally of one mind. It behooves England, if she is not to find herself faced with Continental competition which will ruin her staple industries, to participate in these negotiations and not to be excluded from the arrangements which appear inevitable.

As between the governments of France and Germany there has been a somewhat spectacular wrangle over the clauses of a commercial treaty which is to succeed the privileges which France obtained for five years under the Versailles Treaty, but a modus vivendi giving the utmost possible privileges to either side was eventually put into operation and the subsequent commercial treaty is being worked out on the same lines. From the French point of view it is vital that Alsace-Lorraine should find markets in Germany, to which the recovered provinces were attached for half a century—the half century of industrial development—and Germany has known how to profit by this French need. On the economic side therefore everything has proceeded precisely as was anticipated by those who foresaw from the beginning the ineluctable Franco-German rapprochement.

But this is not enough. All this can be upset by political antagonisms. Economics and politics must march together or the consequences may be a new war which will overthrow any calculations of business men. Therefore there has been raised in an acute form both in France and in Germany a political problem which is in most respects identical on the left and the right banks of the Rhine. France calls it security. Germany calls it readjustment. What France wants is a conviction that Germany will not attack her. What Germany wants is the cessation of a foreign occupation. France fears the denunciation and violent destruction of the 1919 treaties. Germany fears the abuse of those treaties, and the permanent detachment of the Rhineland, together with the perpetuation of apparent injustices. There seems here matter for compromise. Both sides naturally desire to obtain the maximum and to surrender the minimum. But there are signs that with many diplomatic precautions, much diplomatic finesse, the two points of view are gradually coming closer together.

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M. Briand, who in spite of his limitations is an exceedingly able Foreign Minister, has ostensibly put his money on a British guarantee of French security, but although a British guarantee will indirectly be helpful, he must be aware that it cannot be given in such an efficacious form as would satisfy the French, and it is rather designed as part of the inducement to Germany to make fresh promises to France. Everybody who has studied the question for a moment knows that a Franco-British accord, whether of the kind proposed at Cannes, or whether of the kind proposed at Geneva—for the famous Protocol rested entirely on a British commitment—is in itself entirely useless. In the first place England will not enter into a pact with the Continent which will oblige her to send an army or employ her navy in a dispute in which her sympathies and her interests are not engaged; and in the second place, even were such a pact or protocol signed, no country in these pseudo-democratic days can, against the will of the people, fulfill military engagements.

Most of the suggestions which have been made are not really suggestions making for peace, but on the contrary tend towards the construction of a war-chain of alliances, which would drag, for example, France into a local conflict between Germany and Poland which if left alone Poland might be glad to settle, and drag England, willy-nilly, in her wake. These proposals have of course an oblique diplomatic purpose, but in so far as they do not encourage a Franco-German rapprochement they are superfluous and may prove to be mischievous.

The heart of the question lies in the possibility of a Franco-German rapprochement and nowhere else. All the rest is trimming and diplomatic fal-de-lals. Stripped of the frippery which politicians affect, the question is merely—Can France and Germany devise a system in which passions and apprehensions may be allayed, or are they condemned to glare at each other like china dogs on the mantlepiece? Everything else is subsidiary. It is indeed almost grotesque to hear France and England gravely discussing the terms of a treaty of guarantee, when those terms are, for what they are worth, already embodied in the Versailles Treaty. Has not England signed the treaty which is the charter of Europe? Has she not, for example, agreed to consider any breach of the clauses—42 to 44—which demand the demilitarization of the Rhineland (and without such a breach war would be difficult) as a hostile act committed against her as well as against France? Is not England a member of the League of Nations and does not the Covenant impose obligations upon her? In short, is not England, if treaties mean anything, already tied up securely to France? But everybody knows that, in practice, England, like every other country, will consider the circumstances of the moment, and new pacts and protocols can add nothing to existing treaties.

Thus the participation of England in a new arrangement is of value just as far as it enables the two chief enemies of the Continent to effect a rapprochement by covering to some extent the nudity of the operation. Nobody who knows anything of Germany today can doubt that her statesmen are weary of the long ostracism, and wish at almost any price to reënter the "White Man's Club." It is the moral exclusion from decent society, the absence from the Comity of Nations, the perpetual treatment of the country as war-guilty, which lies most heavily on the German spirit. That is why the Stresemann project encounters practically no opposition of any importance. Germany is more than ready to renounce any idea of altering the frontiers in the West, whether by violence or by negotiations.

Not ten men in Europe have the smallest notion of restoring, shall we say, Alsace-Lorraine to Germany. The last thing that Germany wants is to fight France. The Rhineland provinces are much more menaced by France than Alsace-Lorraine is menaced by Germany. It remains a possibility that some movement towards partial autonomy for Alsace-Lorraine will develop, but the prospect is remote and any interference by Germany would destroy whatever seeds of autonomy exist.

As for the Eastern frontiers of Germany it is no part of the German plan to raise the issue, but the issue may raise itself, and although Germany is prepared to acquiesce in the present situation, it is too much to expect her, smarting under a sense of injustice, to bind herself never in any circumstances to seek a revision of the territorial settlement. Sooner or later Russia will have something to say about the Polish boundaries. Probably it will be then that a great cleansing international conference will be held.

This is in the future, but in the meantime Germany is ready to swear that she will keep the peace, and as a token of her good faith will enter into the League of Nations. It is difficult to see what more can reasonably be asked of Germany. France on her side is still suspicious. She has woven a network of alliances in Central Europe—with Poland and with the Little Entente—that has alienated her freedom. Nevertheless public opinion has changed and is changing. The Herriot Government, lamentable as it was in its internal policy, must be given unstinted credit for its efforts to produce a more pacific frame of mind in Europe, and the Painlevé Government and its successors will grope their way, hesitatingly, doubtfully, but sincerely, along the same road. The peaceful collaboration of France and Germany will become increasingly possible as distrust is dispelled; and those of us who endeavor to keep our finger on the pulse of Europe were never more hopeful.

SISLEY HUDDLESTON.

Paris.

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Borah's One-Man Party

The Senator from Idaho on the Issues of the Day

WE COME now, in this outline of Borah's story, to the days of Harding. Mr. Harding was elected in November, 1920. Said Will Hays: "I have nothing but gratitude and appreciation. God's in His heaven, all's right with the world."

Said Borah: "With the utmost respect, let me say that I shall not abdicate my judgment in the Senate in the next four years any more than in the last four years."

Borah was more cautious.

Mr. Hays, who was shortly to come to Washington to be a member of the Cabinet, unquestionably took a more popular view of the election than did Borah. These were the days when government by the best minds was forecast and not sampled, when the financial East jubilantly proclaimed the recapture of control in Washington, when people spoke of "a Republican majority of 22 in the Senate" and "a Republican majority of 168 in the House" as if no such things as blocs existed.

Mr. Harding came to Washington with Hughes and Hoover, Daugherty and Fall. Borah did not abdicate his judgment. But it was a lonely judgment. Look back now, and it is really impressive how small a minority Borah could bolt with and vote with in the Senate as the Harding Administration got under its well-oiled way in 1921.

He was one of eight Republicans to bolt on the wool schedules with which his party returned to power.

He was one of four Republicans to bolt when the first vote came on an excess profit tax.

He was one of two Republicans to bolt on Mr. Harding's treaty of peace with Germany. LaFollette bolted with him. Hiram Johnson left them here.

He was all alone (LaFollette was not on the floor) in bolting on the Fordney-McCumber tariff when that tariff went through Congress with the most punitive schedules in the country's history.

Borah, in the first days of the Harding Administration, established a record for small minorities not often equalled in the Senate.

And it was easier, after a month or two, to belong to a small minority than it had been, at the start. Tired out, or elevated to new ranks, several of the irregulars disappeared. There was Kenyon, for example.

Kenyon was made a federal judge to retire him from a place of annoyance in the Senate. More appointments of the same sort were hinted at, in Washington.

Carter Glass met Borah in the Capitol one day.

"Good morning, Judge," said Glass.

"Not yet," said Borah.

Glass smiled, and shook his head.

Dispatch to the New York World from Washington, November 7, 1922:

"President Harding has decided upon a successor to Associate Justice Day of the Supreme Court. . . . Senator Borah may be picked for the vacancy."

Dispatch to the same paper, sixteen months later, Mr. Coolidge in the White House:

"Senator Borah again conferred with President Coolidge at the White House today [March 5, 1924], causing a revival of the report that the Idaho Senator will succeed Attorney General Daugherty when the latter retires from the Cabinet."

Dispatch to the same paper, ten months later, Mr. Coolidge still in the White House:

"Perhaps the most interesting suggestion [following Mr. Stone's resignation] is that the post of Attorney General is to be offered to Senator Borah."

Items like these, chosen from the files of one newspaper, could be duplicated from the files of other newspapers. A good many people have greeted Borah, in his time, with a "Good morning, Judge." But Borah is still a Senator, still a minority Senator, and still an unusual sort of minority Senator.

For it is an interesting fact about Borah's minorities that lonely as they are, in the beginning, they have a way from time to time of making themselves majorities without attracting much attention in the process.

Thus, for example, the New York Times reported Borah as "the only opponent" of a proposed $5,000,000 loan to Liberia early in Mr. Harding's term. But two months later the same loan was snowed under in the Senate.

On more than one occasion it has been Borah's mission to act as pace-setter for his peers.

The classic instance, of course, is furnished by the story of that Washington Arms Conference which history will associate with the names of Mr. Hughes and Mr. Harding.

Borah could not have belonged to a smaller minority than the minority which listened to him when, on December 14, 1920, he introduced his resolution calling for a naval holiday. The Wilson Adminis-

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tration was still in power then. And it happened that on the very day when Borah introduced his resolution that great pacifist, Josephus Daniels, spent several hours telling the Naval Affairs Committee of the House that a holiday in battleship-building was unthinkable. "It would be a blunder worse than a crime," said Mr. Daniels, "for the United States to agree with two or three other nations to stop naval building. It would create world suspicion, instead of world stability." The processes by which Mr. Daniels arrived at some of his conclusions are still unfathomable.

The Wilson Administration had no use for Borah's naval holiday. Nor had the Harding Administration, when it entered office. Mr. Harding, in an address at Norfolk, had insisted on new construction and a bigger fleet. Borah managed to secure the adoption of his resolution in the Senate. But it was a lukewarm, routine adoption with no drive behind it, and the administration specifically opposed the insertion of the proposal in the new naval appropriation bill. Not until Borah had brought his resolution into the Senate three different times and in three different shapes, not until the idea of cutting taxes through economy in keels had caught the interest of the country and the demand for a conference had become too insistent to resist successfully, did the Harding Administration face about and accept a proposal which it had originally described as invading the President's prerogatives.

Borah brought out his resolution on December 14, 1920. Mr. Harding gave it his blessing on June 8, 1921. The administration had had 159 days to think it over.

Sometimes the administration needed that much time; sometimes when Borah had a good idea it could borrow promptly.

It borrowed promptly when Borah proposed, in July, 1922, a survey of the coal industry to avert repetition of a strike. Mr. Harding adopted the proposal three weeks later.

It borrowed promptly when Borah suggested that with no Kerensky government left in Russia it was unnecessary and expensive to maintain a Kerensky ambassador in Washington. Mr. Bahkmeteff, with the approval of the administration, resigned later in the month.

It borrowed, but not so promptly, when Borah suggested on December 21, 1922, that "the question of reparations is the key to the European situation" and that it was proper for this country to help break the deadlock with an "economic conference." Mr. Hughes expressed the same opinion a week later in his New Haven speech. But Mr. Hughes was also ahead of the administration. It was a year later, to the day, before the Dawes commission sailed for Paris.

There was also the question of amnesty for political prisoners of the War. Borah urged amnesty at the White House on June 29, 1922. Amnesty was proclaimed a week before Christmas. But by another President, and at Christmas, 1923.

All this can be put another way.

Borah was 159 days too eager for the administration on an Arms Conference, 24 days too eager on a coal survey, 27 days too eager on the status of an ambassador without a government, 374 days too eager on an economic conference for reparations, and 534 days too eager on amnesty for war prisoners. His average excess eagerness, on these five issues, was 7 months and 15 days.

And perhaps this calculation supplies a rough-and-ready rule which can be used conveniently in reading news from Washington. Assuming that Borah has nothing blasphemous to propose, such as a reduction in the tariff schedules—and nothing utterly fantastic, such as recognition of a Russian government which has been in power seven years—how long will it be before the administration picks up his idea?

Apply the law of averages.

If Borah, on January 1, proposes an acceptable idea, there is every reasonable chance that the administration will accept it by the middle of July.

Consider from another angle, before we leave it for new issues, the conference on navies fought for by Borah, summoned by Harding and directed by Hughes. It is interesting here because it shows this of Borah: if on certain issues he could be some seven months ahead of the administration, he could also be some seven months behind it, picking up loose edges.

The Arms Conference was no sooner under way than Borah set out in pursuit of its shortcomings. The conference discussed battleships. "It seems incredible," said Borah, "that a conference called for the limitation of naval armaments should adjourn without an agreement on the limitation of the submarine." It seemed incredible, too—to Borah—that the Four Power pact negotiated in the conference could fail to include China: "I think one of the most interesting and illuminating facts of modern diplomacy is this proposition that the nations which have been doing all the 'aggressing' in the Far East should get together and solemnly form an alliance against those nations which have not been guilty of any such aggression in the past."

The treaty came to a vote in the Senate. Borah, LaFollette, Johnson and France were a minority of four Republicans to vote against it. The treaty passed, Borah went on assailing it. China, he insisted, had won little in the conference. The race in armaments was simply shifted to another track. Gas and submarine would take the place of battleships in the next lap of competition.

This was the conference which Borah's resolution had encompassed. Borah belabored it for seven months, inside the Senate and outside of it. Such was his pride of authorship.

The conference adjourned. The visiting captains

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and the kings departed. The Harding Administration sat back on its oars to rest a little. Albert Fall took advantage of the interlude to lease Teapot Dome.

It is an interesting fact that it should have been in the very month after the adjournment of this naval conference that Mr. Fall set out to do a little naval pioneering of his own. On April 7 (1922) he signed the lease which delivered the navy's oil fields in Wyoming to Harry F. Sinclair: Mr. Fall's own contribution to the business of disarming navies.

Three weeks later, on April 29, Teapot Dome came up in the Senate for an hour. LaFollette, the day before, had raked the lease effectively in a close examination of its terms which aroused no interest in the Senate. Now he brought forward his resolution for an investigation of the way the lease was made.

The resolution was adopted. There was no opposition to it. There was no interest in it. Senator Nelson of Minnesota wanted to know what was the use of having another report on Teapot Dome, when Mr. Fall himself had written a report. Senator Poindexter, of Washington, who stumbled in the next election and now guards the interests of his country in an embassy in Lima, predicted that if an inquiry were made it would redound to the credit of the administration. "I have personal knowledge," he asserted, "of the fact that in the case of the California oil reserves—and I have no reason to think the proceedings in the case of the Wyoming oil reserve were any different—it was known publicly and a large number of competitive offers made." This would be news to the California courts. Mr. Fall had not been too quick in leasing Teapot Dome, thought Mr. Poindexter; he had been too slow. "My complaint was that too much time was taken up in consideration of those respective offers." Mr. Poindexter could not have signed the leases fast enough.

The resolution for an investigation of the leases was adopted. Borah said: "I predict that unless there is another radical change [in policy] there will be no protection. I am not concerned about the navy alone but the public which uses oil for many purposes."

Borah was one of five members of the Senate to manifest any interest in the leases on this occasion. It is sufficient to note that fact. The oil investigation is not Borah's story. It is LaFollette's first; then Walsh's.

It was months, of course—more than twenty months—before anyone outside of Washington, and anyone in Washington outside of a small professional group—could be induced to read reports about the making of the leases and the investigation which ran on intermittently. It remained for the sudden testimony of the brothers Roosevelt, plus Mr. Doheny's admission of the part played by his satchel, to create a public interest in two lost reserves of oil. Meantime the affairs of the administration moved with the currents of the time, and Borah found himself engaged in a new quarrel.

It is not possible to demand Russian recognition, insist on laws to punish profiteering, denounce a Republican anti-strike injunction as an unwarranted abuse of power, do these things year after year and remain meantime on terms of trust and affection with a state Republican organization.

Borah, returning to Idaho in the fall of 1922, after an absence of three years, found himself at odds with the state leaders of his party. Governor Gooding had broken with him. The Idaho Daily Statesman had broken with him. State headquarters had broken with him. The traditional rule of action for home-coming Senators in such a situation is to swear loyalty to the state platform and explain that the whole affair was a regrettable misunderstanding. Borah did nothing of the sort. He denounced the state platform as a "painted glass affair" and thereby added to the indignation of his party.

The fight centred upon an attempt on Borah's part to reconvert Idaho Republicanism to the principle of the direct primary, thrown overboard in the state convention. Feeling ran high enough for regular candidates to object to Borah's appearance as a party spokesman in their districts. Borah's term in Washington had two more years to run. But in Boise it was asserted that he had over-reached himself, and predicted that this was the end of his career. Idaho, it was said, would choose a better party man in 1924.

It was at this time that Borah expressed an opinion which has since been widely quoted: "People have said severe things about me. They say I have never been a Republican; that I have generally been a renegade. Let them be assured that they will not engage me in any personal controversy. The next two years are mine. Only God Almighty can take them away from me, and I shall say what I think, do what I believe right, regardless of the political effect upon myself or any others."

Borah won his fight. Idaho chose in 1922 a legislature with a majority of its members pledged to the direct primary. In the course of the fight, however, Borah had asserted that unless the Republican party modified its entire economic policy a formidable third party movement would sweep the country in 1924. And this statement led to certain premature conclusions.

For by the press it was promptly coupled with news of a forthcoming "progressive conference" of Senators and Representatives to be held in Washington. Borah, LaFollette, Frazier, Wheeler, Brookhart, Ladd and Norris would be present at that conference. It was predicted that Borah's bolt with Roosevelt which had not come off in 1912 might come off in the present instance.

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When, however, the conference assembled in December, Borah gave it as his own opinion that this was "neither the time nor place to discuss platforms or candidates." A better time and a better place he did not suggest. He declined to appoint a rendezvous when he was asked for a suggestion later.

Talk of his being ready to bolt went on, however, and made great strides in the next few months. In May the Committee of 48 took note of these reports and selected Borah as its candidate on a Progressive party ticket for the 1924 election.

A month later Borah's candidacy was formally announced (but not by Borah) when a bulletin from the Committee of 48 reached Washington.

"For the first time," the bulletin reported, "the people of the United States have an opportunity to draft their own Presidential candidate."

But Borah, six years before, in the selective service law, had voted against drafting.

Efforts to draft Borah ended. Mr. Harding died. From the upper reaches of the Willard and an obscurity which was painful emerged a new Executive. Borah's long-awaited statement on the subject of the Presidency made its appearance now:

"Fate and circumstance have made Calvin Coolidge President. . . . If he makes good, or shows in the next few months that he is making good, he will certainly be nominated in 1924. I think he is an able man."

For two years, now, Borah has gone on asserting in each of his public declarations on the subject of Mr. Coolidge that Mr. Coolidge is an able man. And simultaneously Borah has gone on talking, writing, reasoning, arguing and voting—in each of the more contentious issues which have come to the front meantime—as if, on this particular issue, and then on that particular issue, and then on the next particular issue, Mr. Coolidge happened to be wrong. The list is too long to be suggested in detail, and too recent to require it. We have had, since Mr. Coolidge entered the White House, the Daugherty affair, the World Court, the question of expelling rebel Senators from their committee chairmanships, the debate over alien property, the dispute over Muscle Shoals, the quarrel over Mr. Warren, the Károlyi incident, and now the World Court again. On each of these issues Borah has been as dead set as it is possible to be set, against Mr. Coolidge and the plans of the administration. He still lunches at the White House.

For an explanation of the confidence which Borah inspires in Mr. Coolidge and Mr. Coolidge inspires in Borah when both men find it impossible to agree, it would be necessary to risk speculation in a variety of ideas and emotions; but if precedent will serve in lieu of an explanation, the problem is a simpler one. The relationship with Borah which Mr. Coolidge is now duplicating in the White House is Mr. Taft's.

For Mr. Taft, like Mr. Coolidge, sought Borah's counsel, disagreed with it, disagreed with whatever philosophy lay behind it, and yet had from Borah, despite such disagreement, the same support in the campaign of 1908 which Mr. Coolidge had from Borah in the campaign of 1924. Perhaps there is something in this hypothesis: both Mr. Taft and Mr. Coolidge, being ringed as few Presidents have been ringed, with conservative advisers, have felt the need of a friendly enemy from outside the circle of admirers, whose advice, however disagreeable, was certain to be honest. And perhaps there is also something in the guess that to both Mr. Taft and Mr. Coolidge Borah represents a phenomenon too interesting to resist: the personification of a western insurgency not convinced that the time has come to bolt the party, yet veering in that direction frequently enough to be alarming. Certainly, in any case, the Taft and Borah relationship of 1908 to 1912 is reproduced today in still more striking fashion: Borah assails the policies of Mr. Coolidge with even greater vigor than he assailed the policies of Mr. Taft, and is rewarded by an even greater confidence. And if proof is needed, consider a single extraordinary fact:

That the same man who denounced the Republican party for "the slinking, secret, sordid enemy which has been at work in our midst"—when the Fall, Daugherty and Forbes affairs came to an issue—was personally requested by the leader of that party, two months later, to accept its nomination as Vice-President.

We come, at the end of this short resumé of Borah's record, to the point from which the first of these three papers started: to the story, fact or myth, that when Mr. Coolidge said to Borah: "I want you on the ticket with me," Borah's answer was to ask of Mr. Coolidge, "In which place?" That story was good enough to start with because, true or untrue, the fact that it can be told is testimonial to Borah's hold upon the interest of his public. It is good enough to end with because, when the rest is said, it accurately suggests the rôle which Borah plays today. Borah has never been the second in command. He was made to lead a party, and for twenty years he actually has been leader of a party: a one-man party of his own.

Certainly that is the surest observation to be made upon these years: upon the fight with Taft for progressive legislation and the fight with Wilson over Russia and the League and the fight with Harding for a conference on disarmament and the fight with Coolidge for a new Republican backbone. Whether Borah's party will expand from its present personal dimensions until it is wide enough to include the host of men who call themselves Republicans is doubtful, but of two facts we may be sure:

First, that of whatever party he is a member this man will be captain too.

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Second, that for the better part of a generation this country has had in Borah of Idaho a fearless and a persistent fighter, cantankerous at times, obstinate at times, courageous, at all times with a passion for realities, a zest for righteousness, and a record for having done as much to restore Americanism in the humane and liberal meaning of that word as any living man.

CHARLES MERZ.

(*Editor's Note: This is the third and last of a series of articles.*)

Lower 9, Car 26

WHEN June is on the land, amid baseball extras, strawberry ice cream sodas and open air lovemaking, it is a useful exercise of the spirit for any American to put his toothbrush in a glass bottle and his pajamas in a wad, sally forth, and (if I may borrow a phrase from the President of Wisconsin) look at his world. Let him do so, for instance, in Chicago and the ring of cities which is overnight from Chicago (train leaves 11:20 C. S. T.; cars open at 9:30; show your tickets at table 4). He will observe numerous and sundry things which may or may not interest anyone else. As for instance:

I

If the temper of the people may be judged by what they say on trains, in hotels, barber shops, restaurants and homes, the West is tired of national politics. Generalizing from these insufficient data (travelers always generalize from insufficient data) the progressive movement except in one or two states has gone underground and pulled the hole in after it. So has the Democratic party. So has the League of Nations agitation: the friends of that organization are now centering all their efforts on American participation in the World Court, but they haven't any real hope of getting their way at present; they feel that President Coolidge isn't actually much interested, that he is just going through the motions, and they are going through the motions too. There is, to be sure, much vague but hearty sentiment for world peace. The campaign of the churches and women's clubs for "doing something about" the abolition of war has been successful at least in putting across the slogan. All the various proposals, including those which are mutually exclusive, are embraced together. The movement has probably gained in numbers, but has certainly lost in cohesiveness and plan, since 1921 when a million letters were dumped on the White House demanding a reduction of naval armament.

If President Coolidge's general and extraordinary popularity has begun to wane, this observer couldn't detect it. To be sure, people are not thinking much about him. They aren't thinking much about anything, except matters of immediate, personal and private concern.

II

Business men have one grievance for which, characteristically, they are beginning to blame Washington. Business is slumping, and particularly retail business. A favorite explanation is that all the buying power is going into the purchase of a limited range of luxuries, which are bought almost entirely on the instalment plan: automobiles and radio sets are at the head of this list. The "solid" merchant who doesn't go in for this sort of selling shakes his head and explains that the country has gone crazy, that people mortgage their whole savings for years ahead, and go joy-riding around in a car even when they have to skimp on food and clothing.

III

The newspapers seem to agree with the diagnosis which describes the public mood as one of restless indifference to serious matters. Every time you look the other way for five minutes, they add a "feature" of trivial character, reducing the news content in each case in order to get the necessary room. As to the news itself, nearly everywhere the tendency is to imitate the old Hearst formula: play up sex, crime and sex-crime; plaster the front page with big black headlines; put in plenty of pictures, and never one of any man, or of any woman over thirty.

The crossword puzzle is dead; and the radio, as a space-consumer in the newspapers, is dying. Radio has settled down into standard household equipment; instead of listening as nearly twenty-four hours a day as is feasible, the owner turns on his set only from time to time when there is something on the air he wants to hear. Radio has become, in fact (apologies to the static!) a musical instrument. As such it is a formidable competitor. The phonograph business has been badly crippled by it; and a leading manufacturer of pianos announced the other day that he would build no more uprights, alleging the popularity of radio as the reason.

Newspaper readers in the Middle West are more concerned just now about the tribulations of Chickie than about anything else. Chickie is the stenographer-heroine of a daily serial story of incredible length, whose appearance in each city means a large number of thousands of new subscribers for the astute journal in whose columns she appears. Next to Chickie, the feature of the journals which is read most eagerly (baseball always, of course, excepted) is the daily history of somebody's second-hand automobile.

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IV

Naturally, some of the more thoughtful newspapermen dislike the steadily increasing vulgarity and triviality of the sheets they are producing. But, they ask, "What can you do about it? Fundamentalism is in the saddle, and fundamentalism means a deliberate choice of ignorance, a deliberate suppression of intellectual curiosity. People don't want to know, to think or to learn. That leaves us no function except that of village gossip and vaudeville entertainer. The Ku Klux is declining as an organization, but the Ku Klux civilization is predominant."

V

The real obsession of the Middle West at present is Florida real estate. Everywhere you go you hear how somebody bought at Coral Gables, or cleaned up on his acreage at Dayton. A few years ago, the Middle Western heart turned wistfully toward California as the land of dreams. Today, you hardly hear the Golden West mentioned, except in casual commiseration of the bad business slump which Los Angeles has been suffering.

VI

Fundamentalism may be in the saddle; yet honesty requires one to record the existence of a civilized minority, larger than ever, and certainly as civilized as in the past. In Indianapolis, Cleveland, Cincinnati, Dayton, Madison, St. Louis, Des Moines et alia there are groups of people quite as charming, quite as sophisticated as any similar group in any city in the world. They read all the books that One Ought to Read; see all the plays (visiting New York twice a year for that purpose); and lead lives physically far more comfortable than are possible on howling Manhattan. Privately, these Little Groups are as scornful as possible about Bryan and Babbitt; but publicly, for business or social reasons, they stand up with the majority and do their bit in C. of C., Ladies' Aid or Rotary.

For all their sophistication, the members of this minority still exhibit an inferiority complex in the presence of the New Yorker, just as the latter does in the presence of the visiting Englishman. "What," they will inquire of the stranger, "do you think of Pithecanthropus Floridius?" And they listen earnestly to his answer despite the fact that he knows nothing about it, and they very likely are among the world's leading authorities.

VII

Statler, the hotel man, is having an effect on his rivals like that William Randolph Hearst has had on newspaper publishers. With fear and fever they are imitating him from Podunk to Beverly Manors. Hotels in which, not long since, dinner was served in the middle of the day and included four side dishes, each in its own bird bath, now have a pincushion in every bedroom sicklied o'er with pale trouser buttons, running ice water in each cranny, and mottoes on everything. The mottoes are designed to persuade you that the proprietor is on the verge of a nervous breakdown because of his anxiety to gratify your every whim. They range from little things like EVERY EMPLOYE OF THIS HOUSE HAS ORDERS TO SMILE, WHETHER HE FEELS LIKE IT OR NOT, to elaborate offerings in the "I am" style, beloved of the literary business man:

> I am in every room, behind every door, in each bureau drawer.
>
> I am in every serving of food in each of the restaurants, from the Kwik Serviz Kafeteria to the Pompeian-Alexandrian-Byzantine Grill.
>
> I am behind the desks, in the elevators, down in the basement, up in the Roof Garden (Special Blue Plate Lunch One Buck).
>
> I am in the telephone operation, the Cor-o-Dor Door Salesmanship, the Bell Captain's courtesy, the Head Porter's Vigilance.
>
> What am I?
>
> I am the Spirit of Personal Service of John M. Finnegan, Manager.
>
> Don't fail to let me know *personally* if you are not feeling well.

Naturally, all this noble sentiment cannot be served at the old rates, which included merely good food and a comfortable bed in a quiet room. Prices are higher. On the other hand, you need not sally forth in search of amusement or a movie, as was once the case. You can spend a jolly evening in your bedroom reading over the list of things the hotel is willing and eager to do for you if you will shut something up in the Cor-o-Door—just to give them a start—and then Telephone the Bell Captain.

VIII

While the new, Statlerized hotel proprietor is bland and metropolitan in nearly everything, here and there you catch just a glimpse of his late bucolicism. For example, shower baths.

Even to the sticks the news has at last percolated that bathtubs went out with Flinch, and that modern America uses running water. To be sure, plenty of pre-Flinch people are still in evidence; and so the tactful hotel proprietor gives you your choice: room with shower or room with bath or—presumably for people of terrific indecision—room with shower *and* bath. Where the manager gives himself away is in the kind of shower he invariably instals. It is the sort a man will buy out of a catalogue when said man never used one himself and doesn't mean to—a malignant shower, which crouches in one corner and spits sideways at its victims. It is controlled by as many handles as a radio set, but whatever combination you play, you get the same result: lukewarm water, projected horizontally with such violence that it would flay anybody who remained in it sixteen seconds.

Some day a hotelman will himself get into one of these torture chambers, probably by accident, and a great tearing up will ensue.

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IX

In Chicago there is a newsstand which must, I am sure, be the largest in the known universe, including Betelgeuse and the Scandinavian. It advertises with banners four current novels, and gives as much space to Arrowsmith as to the three others combined. (When thus combined, they are The Green Hat, The Little French Girl, and Zane Grey's latest, the title of which has unfortunately escaped me, though I seem to recall that it has horsemen in it, and a color, and alliteration.) Whether the proportions of these banners indicate that Babbitt is kissing the hand that wields the whip, I cannot say. In one hour and thirty minutes of rushing trade, it should be added, this newsstand sold not a single copy of one of the four, nor any other book. Its literary sales were almost entirely of copies of those magazines which sprout like jimson nowadays, entitled Dirty Stories, Nasty Stories, Filthy Stories, I Tell All, I Come Clean, and so on. Of each of these it had an enormous stack—but none too many, judging by the speed with which they melted away. To be sure, no newsstand makes its living from printed matter. As well expect a drugstore to profit from drugs! The real source of sustenance is picture postcards, chewing gum, and a candy which was named after a popular author a year or two ago, and is already a thousand times better known.

X

One hears of Babbitt, by the way, the most astonishing rumors—rumors which I have been unable to verify and pass along as gossip merely. The tale is that after what the novelists have done to him with scalpels and the critics with pile-drivers, he is becoming self-conscious. The more sensitive members of the tribe, at least, are now known to blush as they use the word "realtor" or to look askance while telling you, with a certain pitiful persistence, that the Heart of Business Is Service. It is said that some of the more circular and menagerian of his luncheon clubs—the ones with celluloid name-buttons the size of a tonsure, and a fifty-cent fine for addressing Br'er Bill as "Mr. Smith"—are suffering a slump in membership. It is a heart-rending picture that is drawn for one of this cowed band leaving the luncheon room, peeking around apprehensively to see whether Red Lewis be not lurking behind each onyx pillar as they scuttle back to their offices, there to sink back blissfully under the soporific influence of all the DO IT NOW mottoes.

While I cannot vouch for this tale, I can bear witness that Babbitt is trying to disguise himself. The current model wears a soft tan shirt and attached collar, a soft hat with down-turned brim, and clothes which carry that easy English air of negligence—as though they had been slept in, but only the exactly proper number of times. The fat cigar of yesterday has been succeeded by cigarettes in a pigskin case (not in silent tribute to Chicago, but because Pigskin Is Right in Bond Street). The sales manual which he still carries in his pocket looks more and more like a leatherbound edition of Petronius. If this sort of thing goes on, no one need be surprised to see him reading the Beauty Notes in the Ladies' Home Journal, and demanding the creation of an art theatre in Bingville (if Bingville hasn't one already, which it probably has).

XI

Two subjects seem to be on the wane in the West, at least as conversational material: prohibition and the wildness of youth. Whole dinner parties now pass without anyone's beginning one of those standardized anecdotes: "I never dreamed you could get it *there,* but I said to the waiter . . ." or leaning forward to remark in lowered tones, "This friend of my cousin's works in a drugstore right near the college dormitory, and he says . . ." The Middle West is certainly not dry; but it seems measurably drier than it was six months or a year ago. As to the wildness of youth, it might be argued plausibly that the Leopold-Loeb trial cleared the air as a heavy rainstorm does after days of lowering weather: people who had been relieving their desire for nasty gossip little by little, day by day, went on a debauch, sobered up and swore off. Of juvenile depravity, as of so many other things, it has of course been true that there was more smoke than fire; and that this surplus smoke for a time added to the amount of fire. Physicists may not be able to vouch for such a phenomenon as scientifically possible; but the psychologist knows it is.

XII

The most remarkable thing in the Middle West just now is the new advertising matter of the Ford Motor Car Company. It consists of only five words:

Ford
7,000 MORE SINCE
YESTERDAY

Seven thousand more since yesterday—42,000 a week—189,000 a month—and the Ford only one, albeit the most numerous, of many cars—poured out upon the highways—creating such things as filling stations—Ye Waysidde Inn for Hotte Dogges—pennants saying Excuse My Dust—pennants saying Twenty Kisses to the Gallon—signs: Drive Slow and See Our Town; Drive Fast and See Our Jail—garage mechanics in uniform, wearing bellhops' tilted caps . . . Merciful Heavens! What a civilization! Put the toothbrush back in the bottle; and come away!

BRUCE BLIVEN.

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Washington Notes

IF anything funnier has happened in politics than the recent unscheduled, unexpected and involuntary agreement between Senator Butler and Senator Borah that the Federal Trade Commission ought to be abolished, I have certainly overlooked it. As a matter of fact it is not only amusing, it is significant. Much more plainly than many columns does it make clear the reasons why the administration will not have in the next Senate the support of a real working majority composed of recognized and accepted Republicans. Better than anything else it forecasts another session of futility.

Here are the two most conspicuous Republican Senators arriving at an identical conclusion from motives so radically different and reasons so enormously separated as to illumine brightly the fundamental and unreconcilable differences between the men and emphasize a division in the Republican ranks as sharp and clear as any among the Democrats. Mr. Butler let it be inferred that he wants to abolish the Commission because any attempt to supervise, regulate or control Big Business is highly repugnant to his sense of what is right and proper.

On the other hand, Senator Borah's opposition to the continuance of the Commission is based on the belief that through the recent decision of the majority to do away with all publicity concerning the methods of business under investigation the usefulness of the Commission has been completely nullified. What Borah wants is a commission that will shed more, not less light on questionable business methods. He wants the Commission to dig in as deeply and publicly as possible whenever there is an allegation of unfair practices. To him there is nothing sacred about the right of business men to do anything they please in order to make profit. To Senator Butler this is an inherent right and to interfere with it is outrageous and indefensible.

The President of course is in accord with this view. His whole political life proves it. Also most of his appointments. His every public preachment since he became President has breathed this Butler spirit. He is in the White House today largely because of his inherent and almost reverent regard for the rights of business and because the big business interests of the country know him to be constitutionally incapable of taking any attitude not wholly in harmony with that feeling.

The incident again reveals a rift in the Republican party which no number of Mayflower trips and White House breakfasts can adjust permanently. The reasons Borah and Norris take their stand in this matter of the Federal Trade Commission publicity at the opposite pole from Coolidge and Butler are the same reasons for which they joined with the Democrats and Progressives last March to block the Warren appointment. It is worth noting by the way that about the last real publicity given by the Federal Trade Commission before the muffler was applied was in the matter of this same Mr. Warren. That publicity very considerably contributed toward the rejection of Mr. Warren's nomination for Attorney General.

I must say I quite sympathize with Mr. Coolidge and Mr. Kellogg in their irritation over the Americans traveling in Europe on personal business or pleasure who take it upon themselves publicly to express their opinions on matters of foreign policy in such fashion as to convey the impression that they, and not their government, are the real spokesmen for the American people. I do not thirst to thrust them into dungeons as does the fiery Mr. Fish but I certainly should enjoy seeing them thoroughly and publicly spanked.

It is one thing to air your views on public policy on this side of the ocean and to your own countrymen. That is part of the game, is well understood and can be properly estimated. It is quite another thing to go over to Paris and apologize fulsomely for the course of your government, creating the impression that it is making a dreadful and unfortunate mistake which it will give you quite a lot of trouble to correct and that you are greatly mortified about the whole business, but hope it will be overlooked.

If the President's support of the World Court proposition were a little less platonic, if there were any real warmth in his advocacy, there would be no doubt at all of its success in the coming session of Congress. Even as it is it is hard to see how it can fail if he makes anything resembling a real fight for it. Just a few days ago Senator King of Utah went to the White House and told the President he could count on every Democratic vote save two —those of Reed and Blease. With every regular Republican committed to the Court, with its adoption specifically pledged in the platform, with no opposition, ordinarily it would seem certain to go through, regardless of the determined fight of Borah, Johnson, Reed and the other irreconcilables. Certainly the disposition of more than three-fourths of the Senate is to vote for it. Public opinion, except as represented by the Hearst papers, is behind them, although it is no longer a very ardent or aroused public opinion.

That is just the trouble; and the reason for doubt of a result concerning which there should be no doubt. All the determination is with the opponents of the World Court in the Senate, not with its friends. Very greatly outnumbered, the greater depth of the former's feeling will unquestionably enable them to make a real fight.

It is pleasant to have Mr. Stearns back again. Everyone around the White House is glad to see him. Notwithstanding his six weeks' stay in Europe his advice will not be of any particular value in arranging the French debt settlement nor in promoting a better understanding of the European situation. But no one thought it would be and he did not go over for that purpose. Mr. Stearns, it is now generally recognized here, is a companion, not an advisor. It is the testimony of the most observant of the White House observers that the President's disposition is decidedly better when Mr. Stearns is around. The President does not lose his temper and probably never in his life gave way to rage but at times he does exhibit a certain petulancy. This tendency is noticeably less when Mr. Stearns is around. With no one else in the world does the President feel as much at home as with this puffy old gentleman who so genuinely adores him.

The return of Mr. Stearns from Europe recalls the fact that the Presient has never been there. It is also a fact that he has never been further West than Minneapolis and that far only once, which was in 1920 when he ran on the Harding ticket as a candidate for Vice-President.

There is probably not another public man in Washington and very few in the country who can match that record.

T. R. B.

Washington.

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Some Sour Commentators

AFTER the everlasting simper of the girly magazines and movies, the hardness of the American comic strip is a relief. It is male and ugly, whereas nearly all the other magazine-features of our newspapers are "sweet femininity" for the delectation of washerwomen. It is not so much the cruelty and violence forming their negligible plots; the draughtsmanship itself is hard and angular, the faces and figures are of an intense ugliness, and the strip rejoices in a brutality of color. Not one of the major strips makes the least effort to be pretty.

In this connection there is a group of comic artists even more to the point than the makers of daily strips. They present each day a small note, a little report, on the American scene, on bits which escape even the realist writer of fiction; men like Rube Goldberg, T. A. Dorgan (Tad), H. T. Webster, Clare Briggs and, presenting their work at longer intervals, Joe McGurk and P. T. Crosby. McGurk does draw pretty girls, but makes up for this by passing an observant eye and a malicious pencil over some of the ugliest male faces on record, and the physical unattractiveness reveals such fatuity and stupidity as constitute a libel on our fine sturdy intelligent American manhood. Crosby's Skippy is a tough little atom from the streets, an incorrigible enemy of our contemporary form of Fauntleroyism, the Boy Scout. Like the youngsters of Briggs and Webster, Skippy is an attractive kid, not in feature, but in character, but his attractiveness is not that of children brought up to be well-bred little men and women.

Briggs and Webster, and several exploiters of their vein, seem agreed that childhood is sacred against irony. Not that either of them makes pretty pictures, but both are gentle and indulgent; and these are qualities which one would expect to find in the same artists' treatment of adult life, and which are notably absent. Mr. and Mrs. (a Sunday full page strip) and the single pictures of home life by Briggs, and How to Torture Your Wife and various other such series by Webster are totally lacking in any sentimentality about the calm and joy of domestic existence; and at the same time they are not mere pictorial smart remarks about married life. There are occasional pictures in which husband and wife are agreeable to each other; but in general these are a more acid, because more intellectual, version of the eternal catfight between Maggie and Jiggs in Bringing Up Father. Every social quality which makes domestic life unendurable to people at all sensitive is recorded, all the nagging and worrying and stupidity, the quarrels about money and the cut of clothes and the neighbors; all the meanness of human relations.

Tad and Goldberg have another field and a separate interest. Tad's Sports (Indoor and Outdoor) and Goldberg's many and varied inventions, are nearly unique. Goldberg's are the most alarming grotesques: the men who all seem to be made of putty, with floating whiskers and strange knobs on their foreheads, and vast ears and mouths and teeth, are like mediæval monsters, like an old lecherous company out of Rabelais; the women are inhumanly fat and ill-favored, "with staring eyes . . . like a squis'd cat," with monstrous chins and mincing manners; the children are little pests; the beautiful women a mockery. The postures and proportions of his people are alike ridiculous, and his whole gallery seems at first sight a distortion which has lost all contact with the original material. As good is his conception of architecture and interior decoration: his endearingly ugly statues, the hideous lamps set in the middle flight of a balustrade, the tortured figures on which whole edifices rest, the furniture that lacks equilibrium, are all observed phenomena, corresponding fairly to the unhappier efforts of rustic America since simple architecture and good design gave way to suburban developments and manufactured atrocities. His things and people are all seen in a tricky mirror; but occasionally nature gives him a hand, and by surpassing him, proves his good faith: Goldberg has drawn nothing funnier than some recent photographs of Mr. Bryan in a temper. Considered with humility, his work seems at least as reasonable as Charles Dana Gibson's and A. B. Wenzell's clean-limbed young heroes; and nothing can persuade me that he has not caught something definite and real in the outward appearance of America.

Goldberg is rather like a rough Daumier; Tad is often a fine Hogarth. He works in a thin pale line; his figures are not inhumanly distorted, the exaggeration is intense, but not broad; and as he is a great master of slang, he depends much on his legends. His Indoor and Outdoor Sports follow a definite formula; they all represent a single scene, a folly, a pomposity, a bluff of some sort, flanked by the sardonic comments of standersby and of the dogs, cats, mice, and diagrammatic abstractions of men and women (like children's pictures) he creates. Praising the stupid son of the boss, yessing the real estate agent, trying to get an extra pat of butter at the cafeteria by vamping the waitress—these and a thousand similar others are the scenes he chooses to picture. Policemen and paperhangers and janitors and parlor snakes and oboe players—people we "take for granted" yield up to him material for a wry history of common life in America. It is extraordinarily unkind, yet without rancor, and is almost dispassionate in its cruelty. Concentrated and revealed through an ironic temperament, this is life in the back streets and the hick towns, not a life to loathe, but utterly lacking in kindness and beauty.

The popularity of such work indicates, I think, that there is in America a tough-minded population not among the intellectuals, but among the very draymen, shopclerks, and bond salesmen who are the raw material. (It is interesting to note that the New York Evening Journal places both of them in the sporting pages, so that they are readily seen by the hard-boiled, and the women readers can easily avoid them.) There isn't, of course, even the faintest evidence of high moral purpose in these pictures; they are all notations of ugly facts, without disguise and with no other intention than entertainment. Compare them with the work of popular realistic novelists and their superiority is evident; for although they cannot deal with sex in any way, and are prevented by their own vast circulations from touching on anything serious, they have not allowed these disabilities to make them report everything as candy and pink roses. Penrod corresponds to the strips of childhood, but Tarkington's handling of adults and their problems is finicking and childish in comparison with Tad's. Nor does a politely satirical journal like Life come within years of the grown-up, sharp-eyed, and intrinsically honest representations of Americans made by Tad and Briggs and Webster and Goldberg. In all of these the observation seems more acute, the attack more savage, the freedom more wide, than they are in the politer forms of expression. They are outside the official canon of the arts; and that may be why they are so refreshing.

GILBERT SELDES.

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Straight Streets

WHAT is the meaning of our cities of rectangular streets? What is their effect on our souls? It is plain that Nature likes curves. You may find rough angles in rocky mountain wastes, or in the sort of creature that a microscope makes vaguely visible. But the Nature about man and near to man is a sinuous, rounded being. Think of our bodies and of the bodies of animals—not a Euclidean angle in the lot. Think of the shapes of flowers, plants, trees; of the configuration of the hills and fields; of the sweep of waters; of the globe. Now think of our interior worlds. Our physical dynamo has not a straight line in it. And our mental digestion is tortuous as our intestines. Logic may proceed theoretically like a plummet; but there's nothing natural in such logic. Draconian justice might be called rectilinear, but it too does not exist in nature. Uprightness when it it not tempered by the curves of mercy is repellent. Man's mind moves in shifts. His thoughts arch, vault, melt into reverie. Dream and sense swerve into each other. His heart, too, is full of arcuations. And the heart's desires are parabolas. There is naught angular within us. Nor above us. Space, we have learned from Riemann, has a crimp and a curve. The "straight gravitational line" of Newton proves to be the "Einstein shift." From the detour of solar systems back upon themselves within a spheroid Space, to the devexities of dream, man has a universe full of everything but angles. And yet, the American urbanite has elected to spend his days in a gridiron.

The towns of the old world were and still are curved creatures. From Iceland to the Cape of Good Hope you will not find an ancient city that does not gyre like a heart or twist like the intestines. Indeed, the European links angles with humanity only in his thought of death. Christ was killed on a cross. Saint Laurentius was roasted on a grid. When the fanatical Felipe of Spain built a monastery to express his contempt for life and his withdrawal to the grave, he patterned it after a gridiron.

Curves rest: angles tire. How often the American abroad lets his eye float down the gentle swerve of a street and is soothed sensuously, and is moved as by a freshet of pleasant impulse. It is the curve! The jolliest street in Manhattan—the one that is most human, most laughing, most restful—is Broadway, which has a curve or two; and even at its straightest runs diagonally to the ruthless grid, thus giving the delusion of a flex. No wonder it has become the avenue of shows, the road for informal saunterings clear up to Harlem. No wonder the automobile, our pathetic symbol of escape, has made Broadway its home.

If straight bobbed hair delights, the reason is that it sets off the curves of our girl's face. Her straight dress has value in so far as it reveals the rondures of her body. American civilization has revolutionized the shape of cities. It may yet appreciably alter the shape of man.

For we seem to be angularized in almost everything else. Not alone our streets are straight and stiff. Our houses are as rigid as if they were made of the building blocks of Brobdingnaggian babes. Where else is there a spectacle like the recently grown splendor of Park Avenue—that parade of pompous tombs, shutting in wealth and shutting out the sun? Is it possible that the disfavor of Riverside Drive as a residence street among our leaders, is due to the swinging rise and fall of that untypical parkway? Our laws, like our houses, become more rectangular and upright. Our morals are strait like the gates of Ellis Island. Even our faces. . . . If there be in all the world a human countenance made of angles instead of the immemorial curves, it must be that of Calvin Coolidge. So perhaps biology will give way after all to the rectangular will of our American world. Perhaps the flapper of tomorrow will have pyramidal breasts . . .

There is a reason for all this, and a good one. If you care to go to the heart of the matter you entrain by the Santa Fe and alight in some New Mexican pueblo.

The Indian's culture is prophetic of what our culture must be. His nature is a guide to the understanding and achievement of our own. This does not mean that we are going to give up motors, and dress in paint and feathers, nor that the skyscraper will dwindle to the wigwam, nor even that our women at some distant date will be swinging their papooses across their shoulders. But it does mean that there is something deeper than these discrepancies between the Indian and ourselves. Something deeper which we share.

The Amerind was profoundly, beautifully adjusted to the land. If you study him in his demeanor, his dance, his music, his pyramiding pueblos or his simple tepees, in his flinted arrows, in his decorations, you will find that the general symbol of his expression is a curve so sharp and so severe that it barely escapes being an angle. The curve is the way of acceptance: the angle is the way of resistance. America is a feverish world. Its geological tempo is not like that of Europe. It is far more terribly intense. I am certain that when the ancestors of the Indian crossed to America from Mongolia (or Atlantis) they resisted this atmospheric fury, as have we, with an angular restraint. That reaction was not a culture, any more than our present reactions from Europe or from mechanical civilization constitute a culture. The Indian culture began when his innate spiritual and intellectual values formed a solution with the world about him: his culture was achieved when the responses between his soul and the world had rounded into a unified *life* which expressed both fully. After many ages, the Indian's first reactive restraint toned down, and became the subtle and fertile curve of the Indian music, the symbolic gesture of his dance, the exquisite reticence of his demeanor.

Recently Dr. Jung of Zurich was in this country and made a visit to the Pueblos in which he had been rightly advised that he would find archetypical remains of classic Indian culture. Dr. Jung had psycho-analyzed many Americans, and found in them all (whether their ancestry was Nordic, Latin or Semitic) a unique alliance of *wildness and restraint* which did not exist in the European nature. Dr. Jung's intuition told him that he would find this combination, so hidden in our souls, culturally expressed in the Indian pueblo. He was right. Despite the ponderous luggage with which we came from Europe and which so differs from what the Indian brought along, we must inevitably go his way in the spirit, since we have come his way in the flesh.

When Babbitt tells us that American towns are laid out "regular" because it "pays," he does not know how deeply he is right. Regularity and angularity pay indeed, because such is the beginning of our self-assertion against a cosmic factor. In our straight streets, in our jazz, in our dress, in our morals, in our lantern-jaw Puritans, in our rail-like flappers, we manifest the first stage of resistance to the furious fire which is the nature of our world. The rigid angles will smooth out, will take on the curves of life—will become the forms of our American culture.

WALDO FRANK.

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CORRESPONDENCE

Is the Female Politician as Deadly as the Male?

SIR: In answer to Elizabeth Green's challenge, "I Resign from Female Politics," asking for a bona fide exhibition of masculine political headquarters where all political and organizing work could cease completely for a day while Harvest Home decorations were discussed: may I ask if a county organization of men which was disrupted for a whole campaign, with the consequent loss of the entire county ticket, because of a quarrel between leaders as to whether a convention should be held in a downtown picture show or in a park where one of them had the concession for "hot dogs," would qualify?

And might I ask if she ever heard of a male group perpetrating campaign songs, and if she considered them a slur upon the mentality of men, as she suggests that the Mother Goose rhymes were upon the mentality of women? In this connection she might be interested to know that the aforesaid rhymes had as large a circulation among men voters as women. She might also be interested in knowing that the only criticism urged by publicity experts against any of the propaganda put out by our national organization for women was that it was too "intellectual" for the Average Voter. Not, please note, for the woman voter. Our serious discussion of issues may therefore have escaped Miss Green.

As to her indictment of the "sublimated Mah-jongg tea, church social or sewing circle" which women make of political organizations is she aware that the most effective men's political organization in this country, if not in the world, is built around the club billiard table, the club picnic and the club ball?

In connection with her denunciation of the way women play up "name," I cannot but wonder if she has ever been present when male political committees were chosen for actual brain power or work instead of publicity value or financial contributions? And her discovery of incompetent local women leadership suggests a query as to whether she has graded the local masculine leadership under which she desires to enlist.

It will be extremely interesting to watch the answer to Miss Green's *demand* for the reception of woman into general political organizations and her progress towards the "inside of the main arena."

Does she intend to defeat the men who now hold the organization offices, and if so, does she expect to do it because of her following of men? If so, California is more progressive than its record of women office holders has indicated.

Or does she expect to do it by her following of women, whose ways and whose sex-consciousness she so scorns?

Or does she think to serve so faithful an apprenticeship under some present man leader that he will promote her at some future time to leadership?

If this latter, which may happen, though it has never yet happened in an old suffrage state, she will find in the men's organization, as I have tried to suggest, methods not vastly superior to those which so offended her in the Women's Division. Or does she think to lead a Revolution against the whole system, a modern Joan of Arc, as it were? If so, God prosper her.

In the meantime some women have endorsed another method to reach the same goal, namely, "the inside of the arena."

Perhaps I can make plain just what that method is if I call your attention to the fact that there is hardly a woman in either of the old political parties who is strong enough politically to be elected as a member of a national committee over all the experienced men in her state, and certainly none who is strong enough to be elected vice-chairman of a national committee against male members of that committee. But if provision is made for committeewomen in addition to committeemen, and that a vice-chairman shall be a woman, some women are given an opportunity to show the men of the party what women have to contribute. If one of these so-called women leaders has political ability, she can show it, and having shown that, then her sex-handicap is lessened.

The place given her as a woman makes an opportunity for her to count as an individual. Women therefore accept this special recognition because they know that unless there is such provision for the election of a woman leader it will be many a long day before any woman will function as a party leader.

This does not mean a woman's division but it does mean recognition of women *as women* in the general organization. It is the method now in effect in the Democratic National Committee and is the only way so far devised that will enable women to get into the arena and so remake a men's organization into a men's and women's organization.

EXPERIENCE.

Washington, D. C.

Aren't We All?

SIR: A trait of Amy Lowell's that I haven't seen mentioned yet was a certain justness of attitude behind her emotional reactions. Shortly after The Seven Arts ceased publication because of its stand against American participation in the War, Amy Lowell came to see me. She herself was strongly for the War, but she apparently felt that that was no reason for withholding her sorrow over the loss of the magazine.

"It had," she said, "what no other American magazine had—warmth."

Our talk veered about, and finally settled on Randolph Bourne. He of course had been the leader on The Seven Arts against the War and against war. At one time Amy Lowell had been friendly with him and had him up to Sevenels in Brookline. Bourne was physically very timid, for he had not only the body of a child, but mutilations which caused bad breathing and swift fatigue. He told me how walking up the path to her house he was surrounded by a number of Miss Lowell's Great Danes. They must have seemed larger than himself. He was petrified with terror and stood unable to move until Miss Lowell herself extricated him. After that she sent a car for him.

However, she came finally to loathe him and his works. In our talk she grew venomous, and at last she used the crushing and cruel, but absurd, argument which did not die with the Dark Ages.

"He's a hunchback," she said, "he's deformed. That's what's the matter with his work. It's always that way with deformed people."

I felt forced to say something direct.

"Amy," I said, "aren't we all deformed in some way?"

She stared at me, and tears suddenly came to her eyes. She indicated her own bulky body, its massy fatness.

"You're right," she said with fierce truthfulness. "Look at me. I *am* deformed. I'm probably more deformed than Randolph."

There was not only honesty in this, but a certain justness, one of the finest of her traits.

JAMES OPPENHEIM.

New York, N. Y.

War IS a Crime

SIR: David Jayne Hill is quoted as saying that "Infecting young Americans with the dry rot of the dogma that 'war is a crime' is wrong. . . .The War of Independence, the War for the Union, the Great War for the rescue of civilization were not crimes."

While being perfectly willing to agree with him regarding the first two, we might ask for some proof regarding the Great War. But, this aside, one thing apparently escaped the gentleman's attention: the statement reads "war is a crime," not "war has always been a crime." If one defends war because our ancestors fought, should he not also defend slavery, and the saloon? Our revered ancestors thought them all right. And perhaps polygamy and concubinage should be justified in order to clear the record of some Old Testament characters. Maybe we should discard modern medicine for bleeding and the witch doctor, and the automobile and air-plane in favor of the ox-cart. And surely, if we must have war, let us return to the bow and arrow, the lance, sword, and metal armor of our ancestors—at least to the muzzle-loader. (We'd have safer wars thereby.) There be those already who would hang the scientists whose discoveries reflect upon the ignorance of the grandfathers. Yes, indeed, let us flay alive all those who would teach young Americans that war is a crime.

O. L. KEENER.

Berea, Ky.

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Nordic Assimilation

SIR: Some calculations, the statistics of which are omitted here, explode another myth about the Nordic: his easy assimilation in American life. The Immigration Law of 1924 fixes the immigrant quotas on the basis of the census of 1890, giving the Nordics the preference in admission to this country, and requires a literacy test, which works least harm to these "desirables" because of their low percentage of illiteracy.

It seems, at least from the point of view of acquiring the English language, that the Nordics are the most persistent of all our immigrants in retaining their own speech. I am referring here to the Germans, Norwegians, Swedes, Danes and Dutch. Their foreign press is enormously larger than that of the Latin and Slavic peoples, both absolutely and relatively to the number of foreign-born here. At the opening of this century they were even worse offenders, but the decline of fresh arrivals and the War particularly have tended to weaken the strength of the Nordic press. The new law will give it renewed vigor. The prosperity of foreign-language newspapers depends upon the stream of immigration. The Nordics have been more tenacious than other groups of aliens in clinging to their press long after they have passed their peak of immigration. And for two reasons: they are more literate and they have a large rural and therefore provincial population.

And then, we have two striking historical examples of Nordic imperviousness to the English speech. There is the case of the Dutch in New York who preserved their language into the nineteenth century and afforded Washington Irving the opportunity of writing Knickerbocker History of New York. And there is the instance of the so-called "Pennsylvania Dutch," Germans who arrived here in the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries, who have only begun to take up the English language within the last two decades or so. We have also seen the attempts, often successful, of Nordics to foist their languages upon the school systems of communities where they have predominated. Add to these illustrations the examples of the Dutch in Michigan and the Scandinavians in the north Middle West, so that Leif Ericson's landfall is celebrated in Minnesota rather than in the United States as a whole, with official representatives of the Norwegian Government participating, and what happens to the case for Nordic assimilation?

If assimilability becomes a test for admission to this country, let us rather revise our laws to exclude (1) literates and (2) Nordics.

LOUIS SILVERSTEIN.

New York, N. Y.

Students and Thinking

SIR: You have misinterpreted the recent interview granted by President Hopkins, of Dartmouth, which concerned the upgrowing generation. May I have the privilege of questioning your editorial conclusions, and giving a differing opinion concerning Mr. Hopkins's remarks?

Answering the question, "What is the chief fault of modern youth?"—Mr. Hopkins said, "Its unwillingness to subject itself to, or accept, discipline in any form, and its shrinking from the kind of hard work that used to be taken as a matter of course." The New Republic construes this as a fear "for the undergraduate mind," saying it is probable "that these students are showing themselves unamenable to a certain specific educational discipline, and failing to think after the approved pattern of their elders. . . ."

Such an implication that Mr. Hopkins would have the Dartmouth undergraduate body conform unquestioningly to educational discipline and think "after the approved pattern of our elders" is obviously unfair. He is primarily responsible for the welcome encouragement of individualism. Three years ago he sounded the call for revolt against standardization; and today he is concerned only because that revolt has degenerated from one of healthy stimulation and accomplishment to one of an anæmic excuse for laziness and sophistry.

Last year the Dartmouth undergraduate educational committee said: "A man's thinking is as good as his information." Mr. Hopkins merely stressed the necessity for doing more work to get this information, to give this generation a just chance to believe its thinking is meaningful.

EDWARD DUFFY.

Hanover, N. H.

Classics for Workers

SIR: The American Fund for Public Service has voted to finance the publication of a series of standard works of literature and education in the service of the movement for workers' emancipation. The series is to contain two hundred titles, to be put upon the market at the lowest possible prices. It will be known by some such title as The Workers' Classics, The Radical Classics, or The People's Classics. I have been asked to become editor of the series; an advisory editorial board of twenty or thirty persons will be appointed. The first step toward the undertaking is the preparing of a list of titles for inclusion in the series, and the purpose of this letter is to ask our readers' assistance.

This series, when completed, will involve an investment of a large sum of money, not less than a hundred thousand dollars. It will constitute a permanent treasure of the labor movement throughout the English-speaking world. It is proposed to spare no pains to make the series of the utmost possible usefulness. . . .

The series will be all-inclusive and entirely non-partisan, as regards factions and schools of thought in the working-class movement. The classics of the Socialist, Communist, Anarchist, Single Tax, Coöperative, and all other wings will be represented. The series will include fiction, poetry, drama, history, philosophy, politics, economics, finance. The sole test of inclusion will be whether the work contributes ideas or information likely to be of service to the awakening workers. The series will include translations from works in foreign languages, and will endeavor to be international in point of view; but aiming to serve that public which uses the English language, it will necessarily include a larger percentage of works representing the English and American points of view.

We ask you to take the time to make us a list of all works which you think should be included in these two hundred volumes. Make your range of selection wide, including everything which might by any possibility go in. . . . We should also appreciate having the names and addresses of other qualified persons who might be willing to make suggestions. . . .

UPTON SINCLAIR.

Pasadena, Calif.

The Family Tree's Fruit

SIR: The review of The Fruit of the Family Tree in your issue of March 11 contrives to give a false impression of the book. I assert this in spite of the fact that I think some of the reviewer's severest strictures are deserved—for example that Mr. Wiggam has "unbounded optimism," that he has a wrong belief in the influence of royal families, that his hope of finding potential criminals while they are children is illusory. I feel as strongly as the reviewer the unwisdom of some of Mr. Wiggam's major conceptions. But I cannot think he is just in his sarcastic banter. There is nothing in the book to warrant the extended jibes about the four musical grandchildren or about the use of Skeeterskoot as an illustration. The reviewer imagines a case of breeding for "self-control," but Wiggam has taken pains on page 47 to disclaim any such likelihood in human mating. The reviewer charges that "Mr. Wiggam wants to fool the general public into believing that his opponents think that education improves the germplasm." This charge is not fair, for the author is not aiming at any opponents, but at honest, deluded people who *do* dream that "a case can be made out for neo-Lamarckism."

The Fruit of the Family Tree is a difficult book to appraise: for aught I know it may do more harm than good by its optimism about eugenics. But in the main it has been carefully compiled from reliable sources and is one of those rare books that can convey scientific information to laymen in a readable way. Most of the matter is true and sensible. The reviewer is in error when he asserts that "the author often talks nonsense."

C. H. WARD.

New Haven, Conn.

To a Young Journalist

SIR: In your current issue you speak approvingly of the illustrious A. Brisbane's advice to the young journalist:

"Never lose your superficiality."

Possibly Arthur had in mind that other Arthur's (Schopenhauer's) dictum:

"He who writes for fools is sure of a large public" . . . .

R. T. HEMINWAY.

Madison, Wis.

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Railroad Consolidation

The Consolidation of Railroads, by Walter M. W. Splawn. New York: The Macmillan Company. pp. 290. $3.

THIS book performs two functions: about five-sixths of it is an able and very nearly impartial history of the movement for railway consolidation from 1920 to the present year; the other sixth is an argument against either compulsory consolidation or any general plan for it. In the last part of the study the author's bias is clearly discernible, and may by retrospect be traced back faintly through the first part: as a member of the Texas Railroad Commission he is especially concerned with the interests of the Southwest, and his objection to Professor William Z. Ripley's arrangements for that section in the tentative consolidation plan may easily have colored his entire attitude; like so many railroad experts, he appears to be, moreover, a dogmatic opponent of government ownership, and weighs arguments on whether consolidation would lead in that direction with as much care as arguments concerning its benefit to the public.

The records show pretty clearly how the consolidation movement came about and what it meant. For years, of course, public agencies had striven to maintain competition as a protection of the shipper—if not in rates, at least in service. The sore plight of the roads, physical and financial, during the first part of the War, and the subsequent success of federal operation under difficult conditions in doing a job that the individual systems could not do, made almost everyone feel that a new dispensation was necessary. Labor wanted the Plumb plan; Mr. McAdoo and some others wanted a continuation of federal control; railroad financiers, executives and business men wanted a return to private operation. But the latter were afraid of the results of private operation unless something drastic were done to mitigate the old competitive disorder. Consolidation was to be a major part of that something. It would help to perpetuate some of the operating economies of federal control; more important, however, was the feeling that it would help railroad credit by splicing the weak roads with the stronger ones. After consolidation was completed a rational rate structure might be worked out which would give every road enough without giving some roads too much; investment might then be attracted by a virtual guarantee of a fair return without uneconomically high rates.

As to the principles and type of consolidation, every interest had a different view. Some wanted to preserve the larger aspects of competition, others wanted to abolish it; some wanted a fixation of existing routes, others wanted new ones; some wanted compulsory consolidation, others wanted permissive. The Transportation Act included many of these contradictory wants without entirely resolving them. It provided for the adoption, by the Interstate Commerce Commission, first of a tentative and then of a final plan, with which voluntary consolidation was to conform. Professor Ripley, in preparing the tentative plan, edged toward a broad interpretation of the act, since obviously too rigorous a preservation of competition and of existing routes would nullify the advantages supposed to be gained from consolidation. His result, however, retains some of the ambiguity underlying the law.

The record of hearings on the tentative plan shows clearly how nearly impossible it is to please everybody concerned with a general, coherent scheme—and of course pleasing everybody concerned is one of the essentials for a general scheme of voluntary consolidation. Professor Splawn's argument against compulsory consolidation is, to this reviwer, less convincing, except for the important contention that it would be extremely difficult to bring it about in the face of existing constitutional and legal entanglements. We should probably find ourselves, as the author says, forced into government ownership before we could coerce unwilling owners.

The summary of arguments against consolidation contains a number of shrewd points. Merger would not remove the cause of weakness of weak roads except in cases where their financial structure is so topheavy as to induce poor credit, and then would be of little advantage except after a paring down of capital charges. This is likely to occur only if such roads are left to shift for themselves. Redistribution of income among roads may now be effected to a large extent by rate adjustments. Terminals may, at least in theory, be unified without combination of trunk lines. Standardization and simplification of practice may also, in theory, be achieved without actual consolidation. Railroad units may easily become too large for efficient administration.

But the author has less than a schoolboy's appreciation of the true nature of economic waste. This may be illustrated by his naïve argument that there cannot be much saving to be gained from more efficient operation, since wages, rents and the cost of materials cannot be much reduced and rates cannot be much increased. Of course it is not the rate at which the thing or effort is bought or sold, but the amount of it consumed at a given rate, to produce a given unit of sale, that measures efficiency in the individual enterprise. And to dismiss the possible gains for the public as a whole without a careful examination of such wastes as cross-hauling, competitive bargaining which results in shipment by uneconomical routes, undue centralization of population, delocalization of industry, and so on, is absurd. The author is furthermore blind to the enormous difficulties of achieving theoretically possible improvements of practice by voluntary coöperation among predatory competitors, and to the possibilities of executive decentralization under centralized planning.

The basic logic of the book suffers from a broken back. Let us state it briefly. The program of consolidation was adopted to avoid the evils of the old railroad order and so to forestall government ownership. Permissive consolidation under a general plan, however, has fallen by the wayside and will not work. Compulsory consolidation is undesirable and impractical. There are, in general, few advantages to be gained from consolidation. Therefore—one would expect the conclusion to be—let us try the old order again in spite of the danger of government ownership. But that is obviously weak and unrealistic. So the author comes out with a recommendation that we encourage consolidation in general, but make no comprehensive attempt to direct it. In other words, let vigorous railroad promoters and capitalists do about what they like. Though Professor Splawn does not say so, the chief virtue of this recommendation seems to be not that people will like the result any better than consolidation planned for the general good, but that if there is no general plan, there is no single target for objections. At any rate, what the book recommends is what is likely to happen. But what puzzles

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me is, why the assumption that this alternative is any better than those previously discredited? Why the assumption that it is infinitely better than government ownership, without a careful examination of either?

GEORGE SOULE.

New Novels by Old Hands

The Mother's Recompense, by Edith Wharton. New York: D. Appleton and Company. $2.

Unveiled, by Beatrice Kean Seymour. New York: Thomas Seltzer. $2.50.

The George and the Crown, by Sheila Kaye-Smith. New York: E. P. Dutton and Company. $2.

IN The Mother's Recompense Mrs. Wharton has returned to the field most her own, and to the material which is her best. That field is aristocratic New York, with its ancient mores giving way before new and urgent demands upon life by the younger generation. The narrative follows the return to America of Mrs. Clephane, long expatriated in Europe as the result of a post-marital elopement, and summoned back to rehabilitation by her daughter when the latter comes into the family inheritance. This is the situation which Mrs. Wharton has used in one of her best short stories, Autres Temps, as well as in The Age of Innocence. It gives her an opportunity to develop the contrast between the old New York of Mrs. Clephane's young matronhood, and the New York of the present. The case of conscience which Mrs. Wharton uses as a test is one which was familiar in French and British problem novels and plays of a generation ago—in Maupassant's Fort comme la Mort, for example, and in Pinero's The Second Mrs. Tanqueray—the case on which Mrs. Wharton herself based The Reef, and from which Mrs. Anne Douglas Sedgwick rescues her Little French Girl. The question which Mrs. Clephane is obliged to answer—shall she allow a marriage between her daughter and the man who has been her own lover—is presented as an individual one. It searches her to the soul. But Mrs. Clephane with her laxity in respect to the Seventh Commandment, is genuinely Victorian, and as much shocked at condoning a breach within the boundaries of consanguinity as Aubrey Tanqueray. The test thus becomes a social one, marking the difference between two periods. The Reverend Mr. Arklow announces the verdict of both: "She must tell her daughter. Such a shocking situation must be avoided; avoided at all costs. . . . Unless," the Rector continued uncertainly, "she is absolutely convinced that less harm will come to all concerned if she has the courage to keep silence—always."

It would be a mistake to infer, because Mrs. Wharton has taken an instance as old as the Bible or as Greek Tragedy, that her novel lacks freshness and originality. The fact that she has treated the same theme herself, in The Reef, though there the relationship involved is less direct, affords an admirable opportunity for comparison of her later with her earlier art, by no means to the disadvantage of the former. The Reef was thought to be the most successful of Mrs. Wharton's novels, at least up to The Age of Innocence. It is done with an elaboration of natural background, a precision of dramatic structure, a penetration in the analysis of character that excited the admiration of Mr. Percy Lubbock. The Mother's Recompense is less elaborately wrought than The Reef. It moves more swiftly, with a cleaner stride. While toward its close the story in The Reef goes almost entirely into the minds of the characters, that in The Mother's Recompense remains in the open. When in the final chapter we see Mrs. Clephane back in her old habitat on the Riviera, entertaining Dr. Arklow, who has become a bishop, we realize that the story has swung its full circle, and ends according to the logic of events, not the a priori logic of scruple and motivation. On the other hand, the similar case presented by earlier novels and plays, including The Reef, seemed distinctly more important, more worth the author's and the reader's pondering. This is because an issue that seemed fraught with deepest consequence to a generation that considered its salvation menaced by marriage to a deceased wife's sister is now really a matter of social adjustment and taste.

Mrs. Seymour's Unveiled is an illustration of Stevenson's view that the novelist does not reproduce life, but rather the report of life rendered by a spectator or participant. Clearly, in this view of the novel much depends on the quality of the narrator. For one thing, he must be furnished with a legitimate interest in the story, and this interest must determine his point of view and the limits of his knowledge. Stevenson in The Master of Ballantrae has given an admirable instance of a story reflected through a personality, that of the loyal servitor of the House of Durrisdeer, vitally implicated in its fortunes. Now Mrs. Seymour has pitched on a novelist, one Miss Stokes, to tell the story of Kennedy and Enid Armfield. Miss Stokes shares in the interest by virtue of her own love for Kennedy, but this aspect of her participation is absorbed in her professional character as novelist. Hither and thither she flits, always present at the scenes where the situation becomes incandescent. Aspiring toward the novelist's prerogative of omniscience she is forced to fall back on spying, eavesdropping, and gossip. She is a most unpleasant character, and she is before us at every moment. Her flat is an unpleasant place, and the literary and artistic people who gather there and form a kind of chorus for the action would be unpleasant if we could believe in them at all. Finally, the pretense on which the story is given to the world, the urgent demand of Cressy and Jerry, twin children of Kennedy and Enid, is gratuitously offensive. Altogether, although the artistic intention in Unveiled is obvious, its execution is not worthy of the fine and capable hand which wrote Intrusion, and The Hopeful Journey.

In The George and the Crown Miss Sheila Kaye-Smith has told a straight, solid, genuine story of rural psychology and country life. It lacks, it is true, the large program of The End of the House of Alard, and the complete, rounded fulfilment of Joanna Godden, but it is a worthy member of the group of which these with Green Apple Harvest and Sussex Gorse are members. The pattern of the book is determined by the relations of Daniel Sheather, son of the proprietor of The George public house, Ernley Munk, son of the proprietor of the Crown, across the street, and Belle Shackford with whom both men, in different ways, are in love. The departure of Daniel from the George gives Miss Kaye-Smith an opportunity to vary her Sussex background by introducing the island of Sark and Daniel's life there—a pure idyl, and one of the loveliest stories since Maria Chapdelaine. After this, Daniel's return to his frustrations in Sussex form an anticlimatic but necessary conclusion.

ROBERT MORSS LOVETT.

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The Cambridge Fallacy

Callinicus, A Defence of Chemical Warfare, J. B. S. Haldane. New York: E. P. Dutton and Company. pp. 84. $1.00.

What I Believe, by The Hon. Bertrand Russell, F. R. S. New York: E. P. Dutton and Company. pp. 87. $1.00

IN THESE two little books, each scarcely longer than a good-sized magazine article, two scientists have addressed certain words of advice and admonition to the world at large. Each is a man of high eminence in his field—Mr. Haldane as a biochemist, Mr. Russell as a mathematician. Each has become known wherever English is read as a writer of unusual clarity, incisiveness, and force. Each exhibits to an extraordinary degree that intellectual agility which is commonly known as brilliance. Each is writing here with obvious sincerity and with considerable feeling of matters that lie close to his heart. Why is it, then, that one lays these essays down with a feeling of disappointment, even of distinct resentment? It is the feeling, I think, of the man who, finding himself without bread, is told with incomparable wit and cogency to subsist on cake. The upshot of these arguments is that a race which has failed thus far in matters of the most ordinary common sense can save itself by thinking like a scientist.

Being a chemist, Mr. Haldane is not dismayed by gases. He also recognizes the potency of chemical substances. Therefore he feels that the popular prejudice against the use of poison gas and smoke in war is unintelligent, and that this prejudice together with the conservatism natural to generals is a real obstacle to the development of the military strength of his own (and other) countries. He therefore sets himself to dissipate the doubts of the generals with ridicule, and the fears of the public with reassuring facts. With good-humored contempt he cites the case of the British general who refused to use dichlorethyl sulphide because it does not kill. It appears that some gases leave no permanent injury. Lachrymatory gas, for instance, merely deprives the enemy troops of the use of their eyes. If the arms conferences, instead of barring poison gas as they are urged to do by all sorts of humane but misguided people, would bar all other weapons but lachrymatory gas, they would eliminate most of the discomfort and all of the danger of modern war. Other gases, of course, are rather more noxious, though none appears to be as dangerous to life and limb as high explosive shells. But since they can make a given region temporarily untenable they will certainly be used in the next war, and the military authorities must not only prepare for their offensive use but must train even the civilian public in the use of gas-masks.

So far as it goes this argument is convincing enough. Poison gas will certainly be used in the next war. Is the general staff of the British army expecting to ignore it? If so, it is the only one. Furthermore, any squeamish qualms on the part of the civilian public will have just about as much weight as the flowers that bloom in the spring. Chemical warfare is in need of defense to just about the extent to which war is in need of defense: we don't like it, but we are going to get it. If gas will hurt less than bullets we shall try to be thankful for small favors. But anyone who has reflected upon the spectacle of the last war will not be greatly cheered at the thought of the increased comfort of the men in the trenches. The last war was not won in the trenches. The end came as a result of the collapse of German morale. That collapse, we have been told by Ludendorf, was due to the wearing down of the whole population of Germany, and that was due to the gradual tightening of the vise (the iron ring, Germans called it) upon the entire German nation. The war was won through the Allied armies' holding out while the blockade did its work. The two most important features of the general strategy on both sides were the blockade of the North Sea, by which Germany was starved out, and the submarine warfare by which Germany attempted a similar measure against England. The latter failed doubly. It did not become a blockade, and by arousing the whole British public to Berserker rage and by bringing America into the War it became Germany's most costly failure.

It is interesting to note that both these measures were directed at entire nations, not at fortified towns or other military units. Both were contrary to international "law" as it had been previously understood. Both were thoroughly sound strategy and will undoubtedly be repeated with variations and cadenzas. In each of the chief participants in the late war the distinction between uniformed and un-uniformed forces became quite artificial, not so much through an increase in the importance of civilian manpower as in the shrinking of the importance of all manpower when compared with the military machine of key industries, munitions manufacturies, transport, and military machinery as mobilized in the field. The object of war being to break the power of the enemy, the strategy of the future will seek to discover the weak spot, not in an enemy battle-front but in the entire enemy war-machine, and to strike a disabling blow at that spot. Many people (Mr. Haldane among them) suppose that the use of airplanes against enemy cities behind the lines will be for the purpose of killing or terrifying the civilian population, and Mr. Haldane is at some pains to show that it is impossible to make much effect on so large an object. That is not the idea. Given a superior air force the question is whether it can be used to disable the enemy by disabling his war-machine, for which it may be sufficient to destroy only its nerves or joints. The importance of sea power in modern times has been amply exhibited. The relation of air forces to naval strength is now in process of demonstration. It may very well happen that superiority in the air (on land and sea) will suffice to place other nations at the mercy of the air power. The French general staff appears to see this more clearly than any other, though even France continues to maintain an insect army (crawling on its belly) which is probably obsolete for anything but police duty. At all events, Mr. Haldane's chemical warfare, postulated as it is entirely upon the assumption of the trench warfare of the last war, may well be as obsolete as mace and breastplate when the next great war arrives.

Mr. Russell's essay is not an argument but a confession of faith and unbelief. Being a thoroughly intelligent man Mr. Russell is not taken in by the hokum of pulpits and chancellories. His disillusionment is tempered with humanity. If he jettisons God and immortality, it is without malice, and compensation is made by increased emphasis on freedom. In this sense his essay is as least a plea. Against the inhibitions of provincialism and the superstitions of custom and tradition he sets the good life, "inspired by love and guided by knowledge."

These are noble words. Readers who are shocked by

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Mr. Russell's debonair indifference to deity or aroused to anger by his acid contempt for the cult of chastity will not on that account refuse to be inspired by love and guided by knowledge. Love and Omniscience are the prerogatives of every god, sentiments which make the whole world one. Which is only to say that such expressions are relative: they mean something nice, what it is depending on time and circumstance—and authorship. Mr. Russell enumerates a series of points at which he is certainly more humane than the social institutions of Great Britain and better informed than the cultural traditions in which the masses are instructed. Is this surprising? Is it significant? Mr. Russell seems to think that a whole society might perfectly well be as humane and as intelligent as he. Which is nonsense.

Or rather it is the Cambridge fallacy, if I may be allowed to invent a name upon the basis of an accident. These two Cambridge men are highly trained scientific intellects. They look out upon civilization and find that it is a disorderly mass of quite indefensible beliefs and practices. At every point they are able to reveal inhumanities and imbecilities galore. Why, they inquire, should such things be? The answer is, because Humanity is not a Cambridge man. Their fallacy lies in supposing that their intelligence and the imbecility of cultural tradition are relevant to one another. They are not. The mass of men live stereotyped lives as a matter of course. The mass of men think stereotyped thoughts as a matter of course. Science, says Mr. Russell, can enable our grandchildren to lead the good life. Diamonds can enable coal to glitter.

C. E. AYRES.

A Spanish Casanova

The Pleasant Memoirs of the Marquis de Bradomin—Four Sonatas, by Ramon de Valle-Inclan, translated from the Spanish by May Heywood Broun and Thomas Walsh. New York: Harcourt Brace and Company. $3.

"YOU are the archetype of Don Juans, ugly, sentimental, and Catholic!"

The Marquis of Bradomin is an artist after Casanova, yet more faithful to his rôle, for he is a great sinner who does not repent. When, as a white-haired old man, he takes leave of the last woman who will ever love him, it is with the reminiscent sigh of a virtuoso who can never touch his favorite instrument again. The four so-called sonatas of this volume are presumed to be his masterpieces in love, and they show, indeed, a fine free practiced touch. The Marquis is a master of romance—not pale pink romance for polite people, but the whole-hearted romance of pure qualities of fragrance, piety, innocence, blasphemy, violence and horror. He knows the gentle charms of melancholy and regret, the pleasures of giving and receiving pain, the voluptuousness of despair. His devotion to the canons of love is at once deliberate and simple-hearted. Every woman has something for him that no other has ever had—he betrays them all reverently, and remembers them with a candid and wistful regret. Their virtues, their faiths, their sins are the color and fragrance which enhance them, as treachery, heroism, or persiflage are the proper gestures for winning them.

Ramon de Valle-Inclan has made by strokes of feathers as gifted a figure of a rake as Don Juan himself. He has imported from other countries the raw materials of narrative—intrigue, adventure, and hot-blooded villainy in the generous style of old romances, and built them around the Marquis with something a little more vigorous than urbanity, and a great deal more gratifying than cleverness.

E. V.

Henri Thoreau: Bachelor of Nature; by Léon Bazalgette; translated by Van Wyck Brooks. New York: Harcourt, Brace and Company. pp. 367. $3.

LEON BAZALGETTE has not so much written a new life of Thoreau; he has rather lived through and lyrically rendered Thoreau's existence, as a lonely boy, as a tart, russet-sweet man, as the independent spirit who, with Emerson, Hawthorne, and Alcott, gave a village the dignity of a metropolis. Bazalgette is just far enough away from America to smell the clear mellow air of that Concord sunset, untainted by our American associations with puritanism or with the shabby huckstering of a later generation: one catches the fragrance of spring earth and summer grass and autumn grapes, Concord grapes. The story of Thoreau as abolitionist gives Bazalgette a chance to paint a picture of John Brown: and this is little short of a masterpiece. For some this book will sharpen and transfix the memory of Walden and Life on the Merrimac; and others, I trust, will be tempted by it into companionship with this great jack-of-all-trades, this Yankee Diogenes, who disdained to barter his own intense and cultured life for anything the world could offer.

L. M.

Viennese Medley, by Edith O'Shaughnessy. New York: B. W. Huebsch, Inc. $2.

VIENNESE MEDLEY is less a novel than a book of sketches from the life of a city crushed by war and then bled by a Punic peace—a medley in minors with hunger as the dominant motif. The children's bed-time stories are of the golden pre-war age when one had rolls for tea—rolls with butter. The mood of sensitive men and women and the tone of social intercourse in cultivated groups are determined by the prospect or retrospect of something filling for dinner that is also edible. The conversation is almost wholly of food—what one has had to eat, as once it was of what one had seen in the theatre or heard at a concert. An atmosphere almost impossible to reconstruct except in sociological terms, Mrs. O'Shaughnessy has rendered it with creative imagination and understanding. Her abstention from political polemic only leaves more pointed the demonstration of the brutality of the hunger blockade continued after the Armistice.

N. P.

Contributors

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